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THE VALLEY OF THE HACKENSACK.

FEW of the many thousands who pass and re-pass upon the broad Hudson and gaze with admiration upon the rugged Palisades, probably trouble themselves to consider what lies behind those heights. Travelers are, for the most part, content with that which meets the eye, and not many, it may fairly be presumed, dwell in imagination upon what would be disclosed if the frowning barrier of the Palisades were rolled away.

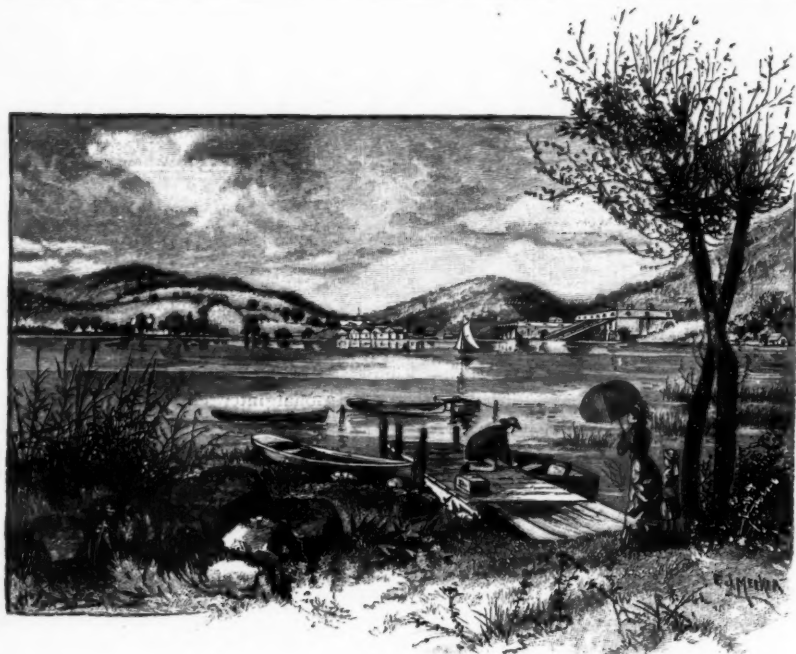
Yet these perpendicular walls of rock shut out a prospect which, in striking contrast to that afforded by themselves, has in it elements of beauty more varied, if not so imposing, as their own. There, through quiet meadows, flow other rivers, insignificant indeed in comparison with the mighty Hudson, but worthy, none the less, of much regard. The Hackensack and the Saddle rivers are both of interest in their own way, the former more especially, as giving to the valley it helps to fertilize its own somewhat high-sounding name, implying in the musical Indian tongue the union of the waters, "the stream which in low level ground unites imperceptibly with another." This the Hackensack does below Little Ferry, where it joins the placid Saddle river, forming the basin which is so picturesque a feature of that little town.

The Hackensack valley, shut in by the Palisades and Haverstraw mountains on the one hand and the Ramapo hills upon the other, offers a long succession of lovely views and glimpses of quiet beauty, which, stealing in upon the senses and gaining

imperceptibly upon the imagination, have an additional interest as being connected with some most important incidents in the history of New Jersey. The valley is so peaceful now that it seems almost impossible to conceive of strife or struggle in connection with it. But we have only to open the page of history to learn that it has been the scene of tumult and carnage; that the silver waters of its gliding rivers have been stained with blood, and that the hills around have reverberated to the sound of cannon. As we follow the windings of the Hackensack from its home beyond Rockland Lake to its disappearance in Newark bay, not far from where Snake Hill rises among the marshes, it will not be difficult to conjure up some vision of the past and supply that element of human interest without which the loveliest scenery becomes after a while monotonous and depressing.

Glimpses of home life, suggested by the curling smoke ascending from dwellings and losing itself in the heights beyond, are always a delightful addition to any panorama, and the fertile valley of the Hackensack boasts many a quiet homestead, the centre of profitable industry and prosperity.

It is generally asserted that the river which gives its name to this portion of the country rises in Rockland Lake. But this is not exactly the case. The source of the Hackensack is in the Ramapo mountains, some six or eight miles beyond the lake, with which, indeed its waters mingle before passing the Haverstraw range. The scenery around the lake is very beautiful, and here



ROCKLAND LAKE.

the upper valley of the Hackensack begins, bounded by the Ramapo hills and stretching through miles of fertile country until the lower level of Bergen county is reached. From Rockland Lake, from which yearly 200,000 tons of ice are collected, enchanting views are gained of the Hudson through gaps in the Haverstraw range, and of the Hackensack as it winds, now east, now west, passing through districts replete with the deepest interest. Here the eye catches sight of Stony Point, and imagination conjures up the line of Washington's retreat, where, leaving Tappan on the borders of Bergen county, he marched along what is still known as the King's Highway, following the course of the Hackensack, passing Nyack, with its fruitful gardens, its houses embowered in trees, its churches and schools, passing Hook Mountain east from Valley Cottage, entering Haverstraw, which was then known as Warren, and reaching Stony Point in good order.

Below Haverstraw the lovely scenery of

Tappan bay delights the traveler. At the same time the prosaic mingles with the romantic, and busy kilns bear witness to the present source of the great prosperity of the town in the outlying brick-fields and far-reaching beds of clay. Beyond, in the distance, High Thorn, a spur of the Ramapo range, hides from view the tall chimneys of Garnerville, where the largest print works in the country are established, and which, it is asserted, have rather increased than diminished in value since the tragic death, a few years ago, of the founder, who, with his wife, was drowned by the capsizing of his yacht, Mohawk, while lying at anchor off the north side of Staten Island.

With the exception of these print works, and sundry cotton and silk mills, the Hackensack valley is devoted to pastoral rather than mercantile interests. The first settlers within its boundaries gave their fullest attention to the cultivation of vegetables, fruit and flowers. The orchards and gardens of the valley bear satisfactory tes-

timony to the result, and if the same enormous profits are not realized since the consummation of the Union opened up a new market for the products of the Southern States, the strawberries and melons of Bergen county still compete far from unsuccessfully with the products of Richmond and Norfolk. Latterly, the farmers of the peaceful valley have given even more attention to the cultivation of hay, and the soil responds readily to their efforts. Their lives are singularly peaceful and uneventful, which, no doubt, accounts for the fact that more old people are found throughout the valley districts than anywhere else in the Union. "The oldest inhabitants" in the quiet towns of Bergen county have portentous memories, and can give anecdotes of events which transpired when the Union was still in its earliest infancy. Old ruins throughout the valley serve as constant reminders of more exciting days. Close by Tappan stands, in good preservation, the stone house which served as headquarters for Washington, and to the right of it stood until 1836 the small stone building, with one door only, which served as a Dutch church. In it André was confined prior to his execution. A curious story is told in connection with the disinterment of his remains in 1821, when they were transferred to Westminster Abbey. It was then found that a peach tree which had sprung up over the grave had wrapped its roots round the skull of the dead man. In reference to this strange incident a writer upon the subject is of opinion that the opening stanza of "In Memoriam" was suggested by it:

"Old yew which graspeth at the stones
That name the underlying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapped about the bones."

Of other stone houses in the valley, perhaps the greatest interest attaches to that which Washington occupied at Hackensack itself after the evacuation of Fort Lee. He was a guest during his stay there at the private house of a certain Peter Zabriskie, his meals being sent in by the tavern-keeper, Archibald Campbell, of whom a good story is told. Full of patriotic ardor as he was, he hesitated about joining the enthusiasts, as he had a family dependent upon him;

and Washington emphatically bade him "remain *neutral*." But four years later his neutrality served him very little. A party of British and Hessians passing through the little town attacked many private houses about three o'clock in the morning, and among others that of Archibald Campbell. He, poor man, had been for weeks confined to his bed with rheumatism. But they rudely bade him get up, and forced him to accompany them in their raid upon the surrounding country. If the chroniclers of the day are to be believed, the fright completely cured his disorder. He submitted to the inevitable, but after a while made his escape, and hid for a time in an underground cellar, whence he finally made his way home. Although he lived for eighteen years to recount his adventures, he was never troubled with rheumatism again. The remedy was harsh, but effectual.

He was more fortunate upon this occasion than a neighbor, Adam Boyd, whose wife, hearing a knocking at the door, awoke him, saying, "There are the boys." Attired in the airiest of garments, he opened the door to find himself confronted by the Hessians. "You are a rebel," exclaimed the officer in command, and forthwith the order was given to fire. The bullets flew in all directions, riddling his shirt with shot, but happily missing his person. He made his escape through the back-yard, accompanied by a faithful negro, and hastened to collect a party of trusty Tories to the rescue. He returned to find his house burned to the ground, and the sole possessions remaining to him—his wife, a son, a daughter, and—a brass kettle! The latter relic is still a cherished family possession. It was upon this occasion that the old court-house at Hackensack was burned down and the seat of justice removed for a time to The Ponds, now Crystal Lake, near Oaklands. Adam Boyd was sheriff at the time, and in 1803 was returned to Congress. A record of the time relates that it was in the temporary jail at The Ponds, which was a mere log hut, that the first criminal executed in the State of New Jersey was confined prior to his execution. He had been convicted of an atrocious murder, and the court-house at Hackensack being unavailable, he was removed to the log-

house jail after sentence had been passed. He was condemned to be hung, and in his despair set fire to his wooden prison, and very nearly succeeded in making his way out. His action was discovered, and he was immediately subjected to a severe flogging, after which his execution followed without further delay. Flogging was a favorite punishment in those days, and was often carried out with merciless severity. It was at this same temporary jail that two negroes convicted of midnight robbery, with vio-

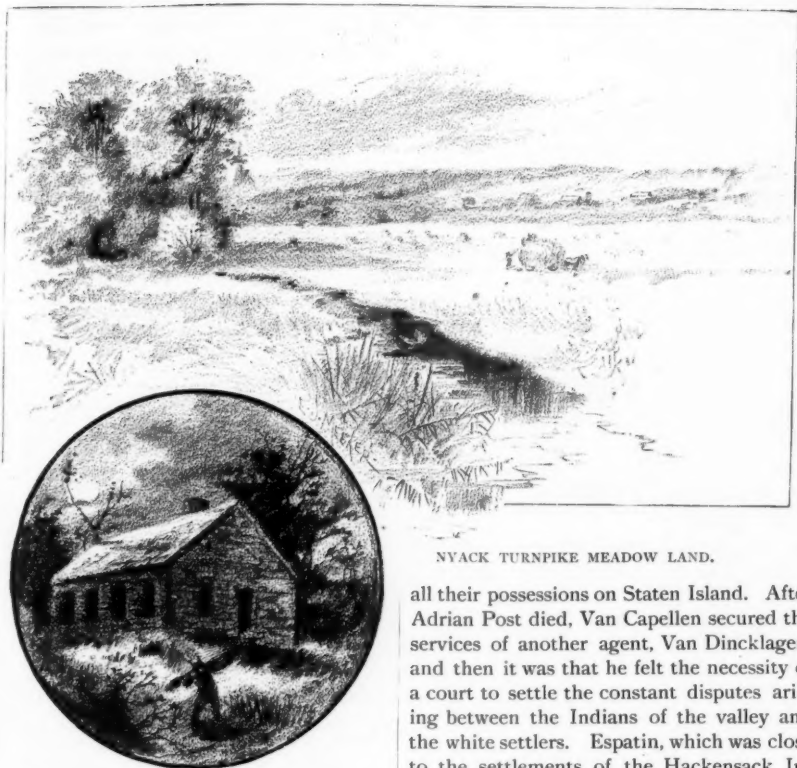
until the full amount was reached. Only one of them survived this brutal sentence; the other died of exhaustion after receiving four hundred strokes of the lash.

Old traditions assert that the first courthouse in the State of New Jersey was that at Hackensack, and that it existed in 1665. But this assertion is not justified by fact. Bergen was first made a county in 1675, and it was not until 1709 that its boundaries were enlarged and the territory west of the Hackensack, including New Barbadoes and Hackensack village, were incorporated with it. It was in this same year, 1709, that the first court-house in Hackensack was built, to be destroyed in 1775 by the British; the second was the temporary log-house alluded to at The Ponds. A third was erected to replace it in Main Street, in 1785, and that in which justice is now administered bears date 1819.



ABOVE NYACK TURNPIKE.

lence, underwent their respective sentences, the infliction namely of five hundred lashes, one hundred to be given every Saturday



NYACK TURNPIKE MEADOW LAND.

DESERTED HOME ON THE RIVER BANK.

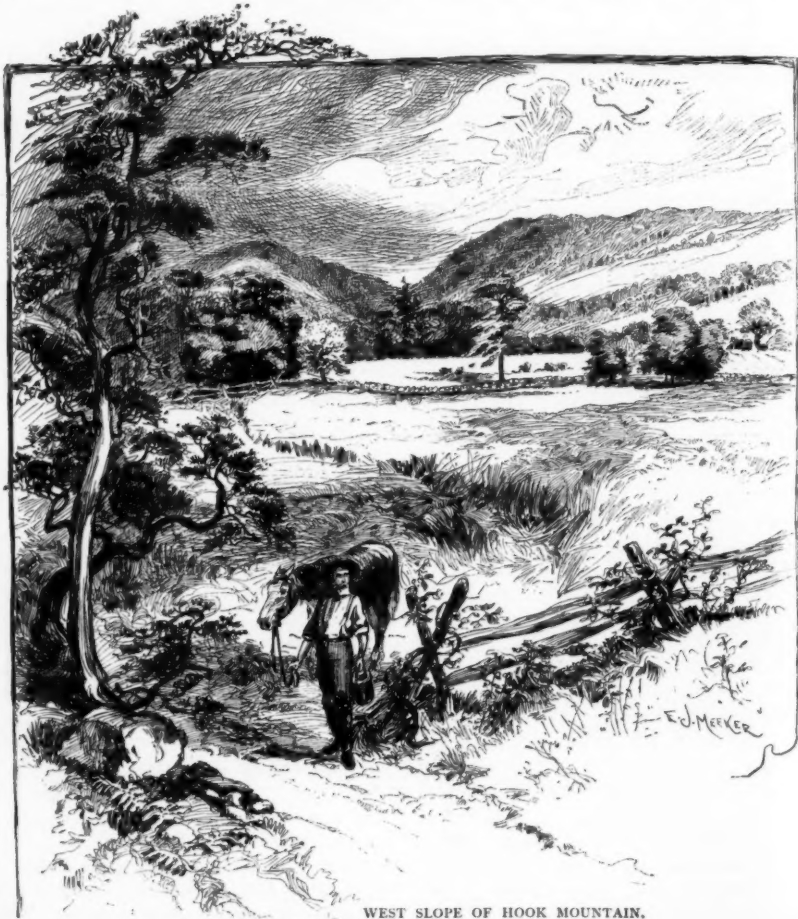
Great interest attaches to the earliest mention of administrative courts in New Jersey, and there is no doubt that the first of all was that established at Espatin, an ancient place near Union Hill, above Weehawken, which owed its origin to a wealthy and independent Dutchman named Baron van Capellen. He, it appears, had acquired a great deal of land on Staten Island, and had founded a colony there, which in 1655 was entirely destroyed by the Indians of the Hackensack valley. He had suffered many things at their hands, but by diplomacy and the skillful use of presents had acquired so much influence over them that his services were constantly called into requisition by the Dutch government, and through his agent, Adrian Post, he obtained the restoration of the prisoners taken by the Indians, and little by little repurchased from them

all their possessions on Staten Island. After Adrian Post died, Van Capellen secured the services of another agent, Van Dincklagen, and then it was that he felt the necessity of a court to settle the constant disputes arising between the Indians of the valley and the white settlers. Espatin, which was close to the settlements of the Hackensack Indians, offered the best situation for his purpose. From it, he could overlook the surrounding country and in a measure protect the interests of his colony, and he soon appears to have looked upon his justice chamber as in some sort the rival of the older court in Manhattan. Two years after he first founded it, we find a record of a treaty with the Indians with "submission to the courts of justice at Hospating, near Hackensack," and no mention whatever of any superior court. Thus, the independent action of a wealthy Dutchman anxious to establish a barony of his own, free from the jurisdiction of the Dutch authorities at Manhattan, was the determining cause of the first administration of justice in New Jersey. The name of this early court is variously given as Hospating, Espatingh and Espatin, and in the Indian language signifies a hill. It commanded a full view of the

valleys, both of the Hudson and the Hackensack, and for three years remained the only independent court in the State of New Jersey, free from the control of the court at Manhattan.

In 1661 a local court was established at Bergen, subject to appeal to higher authorities at Manhattan. It consisted of one *schout*, or sheriff, and three responsible citizens as *schepens*, or magistrates, all elected by the superior court. They were empowered to render definitive justice to the amount of fifty guilders, but the plaintiff in any case had a right to appeal. Tielman

van Vleck, the founder of Bergen village, was the first judge in this court, and held office for one year. It was not until twenty years later that a Supreme Court was organized to "hear, try and determine matters, causes and cases, capital and criminal, or civil causes of equity," etc., which was to consist of twelve members, or in any case of six. This court was held at Elizabeth, and in order that the British sovereignty should be recognized, every warrant was issued in the name of the King of England. Punishments dealt out at that time were terrible in their severity. No fewer than



WEST SLOPE OF HOOK MOUNTAIN.

twelve distinct classes of crime were punishable by death. Undutiful children, over sixteen years of age, who should strike or curse their parents, except to escape death or maiming, could be punished with death upon the complaint of the parent. Some of the penalties inflicted for lesser offenses are curious. Swearing and cursing in the year 1682 cost the offender one shilling, half of which sum went to the informer, half to the county. Lying was punishable by a fine. An extract from the record tells us: "Concerning that beastly vice drunkenness, it is hereby enacted that if any person be found to be drunk, he shall pay one shilling fine for the first time, two shillings for the second, and for the third and every time after two shillings and sixpence; and such as have nothing to pay shall suffer corporeal punishment; and for those that are unruly and disturbers of the peace, they shall be put in the stocks until they are sober, or during the pleasure of the officer-in-chief in the place where he is drunk." The punishments inflicted upon negroes were summary and terrible. Death by burning was common. In one case, a negro crossing a field with his master received a blow from the latter which he returned, uttering at the same time sundry threats. For this offense he was condemned to be burned. The act having been committed on Wednesday, August 13, "was expiated by a dreadful death on Saturday, August 16." Numberless such cases are on record. The stocks, the pillory and the whipping-post were found in all "convenient places" in the Hackensack valley long after that time, but burning at the stake does not appear to have been usual after 1770.

The gradual transfer of the lands of the Hackensack valley from the Indians to the white settlers is a matter of history, the details of which are full of interest. It is on record that a large tract of land upon the Hackensack river above Bergen was given to a lady in New York, a Mrs. Sarah Kirstead, by an old Indian sachem, in 1685, as a reward for her services in "interpreting the Indian language as occasion required," and two years later many families had already settled upon the district. Although the greater number of the settlers in New

Jersey were undoubtedly Dutch, and their language may still be heard in Bergen and other villages, there is no doubt that a large number of Scotch and English also found their way to the fertile lands of the Hackensack valley. The anecdotes already referred to concerning Archibald Campbell and Adam Boyd both point to this. They were undoubtedly Scotch, and there is no question that the entire district now known as Englewood was, in the first instance, settled by Englishmen. It was for many years known as English neighborhood, or, as some writers affirm, Engle neighborhood, and it is only of quite recent years that it has received its present name. Until the spring of 1858 the town of Englewood itself remained a portion of English neighborhood, known as Liberty Pole. It consisted merely of a few houses, the most noted being Liberty Pole Tavern. At that time a committee was appointed to determine upon a name for the rising town, and among three suggested, Paliscena, Brayton and Englewood, the last named, as a happy contraction of the original name, was determined upon. The views around Englewood are very lovely; the woods near West Englewood, through which the Hackensack wanders, more especially abound in delightful glades and quiet nooks.

At no great distance from Englewood is the still more interesting village of Schraalenburg, an old Dutch settlement, taking its name from its position, the tract of land upon which it is built being bounded by a barren ridge. The word Schraalenburg signifies literally Barren Hills. An old deed defined its limits as "lying on the plains still known as 'The Flats,' bounded on the west by the Hackensack and east by the Barrens." Picturesquely situated, the high steeples of two churches peeping through the trees remind us of the famous controversy which for more than a century agitated the inhabitants of this village, and which still excites the greatest interest. Up to the year 1724, the spiritual interests of the various districts of the old Hackensack township, including those of Schraalenburg, were under the supervision of the Dutch church in the village of Hackensack. There Sunday after Sunday the settlers from the



HIGH THORN MOUNTAIN, AT THE HEAD OF THE VALLEY.

neighboring villages assembled, and the inhabitants of Schraalenburg especially regarded the church upon the green with deep affection. After a time, however, the growth of the congregation made necessary more accommodation, and in 1725 the first church was erected in Schraalenburg very near the spot upon which South Church now stands. There were always two congregations of attendants. For a long time the new church at Schraalenburg and the Old Dutch Church at Hackensack were joint churches of the same denomination, having two pastors, who preached on alternate Sundays at Schraalenburg and Hackensack, and the sets of worshipers were quite distinct in the two places, each congregation following its special pastor to whichever building he was to preach in. About the year 1800 the followers of one minister built for him what is now known as the South Church, the original one being torn down, while the partisans of the other built for themselves the beautiful North Church which stands near Bergen Fields.

The congregations, although using the same forms and accepting the same creed, had always been in some sort rivals, the question at issue between them having reference to the right of the Church Council at Amsterdam, in Holland, to appoint the ministers, and interfere in the spiritual affairs of the churches established in a new country. "So divided and embittered against each other did they become," says a writer upon the subject, "that the members of the different parties would not speak to each other, and if they met in the road would not make way for each other." These religious differences culminated in 1822, in the secession of Doctor Froeligh, minister of the South Church, and his congregation, and the organization by them of the True Reformed Dutch Church, styled for short the Church of the Seceders, the North Church remaining in alliance with the old organization, the Reformed Dutch Church. The published creeds and standards of these two bodies are the same, and, to an outsider, the only difference between

the North and South churches seem to be that at the North Church all the men are republicans, while at the South they are all democrats. At the North Church a favorite hymn begins: "This is the good old way." At the South the congregation sings: "Numbers are no mark that men will right be found. A few were saved in Noah's Ark," etc.

The South Church belongs to a smaller sect, but its parish and congregation are larger than those of the North. The architecture of both is worthy of attention. The North Church has a very lofty steeple, and the internal arrangements were, all carried out with the greatest liberality, so much so that the profits realized from the sales of the pews when it was completed were sufficient to pay the entire cost of its erection and half the yearly expenses of the parsonage establishment which was then at Hack-

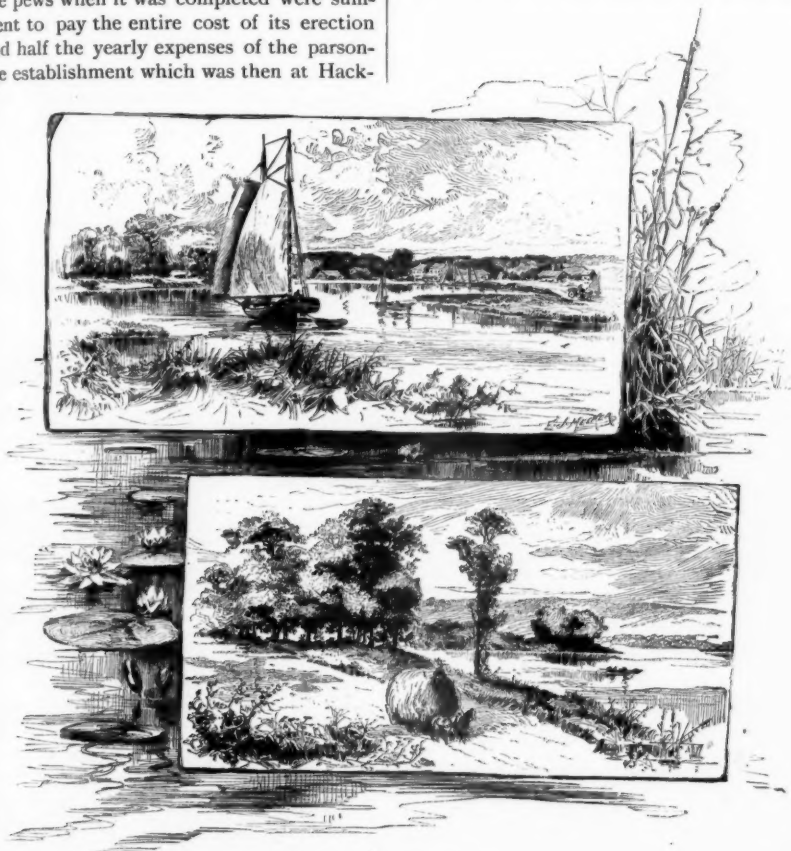
ensack. A curious inscription in Dutch refers to the differences between the congregations which led to its erection. The translation is as follows:

"Let Peace come quickly upon all."

"The North Church in Schraalenburg, built in the year 1801. 'In all places where I my name shall establish for a remembrance there shall I come near to thee and bless thee.' Ex. xx. 24."

The church is still in good preservation and in one respect only differs from its appearance when first erected. The original pulpit with its overhanging sounding-board was removed many years ago and replaced by a more modern one.

The old South Church, built by the True



HACKENSACK WATER VISTAS.



SCHRAALENBURG AND ITS NORTH CHURCH.

Reformed Dutch society, is only about one mile south of the North Church and two miles east of the Hackensack river. It stands on an elevation commanding a view of the valley, and in close connection with it is the comfortable parsonage built of brick. The church itself is of stone, the spacious square tower running from the foundation above the apex of the roof and surmounted by a spire bearing the old-fashioned Dutch weather-cock as a vane, representing the cock that crowed during Peter's betrayal. This church also bears an inscription in Dutch, which freely translated, runs:

"This house was built here in 1799. 1 Sam. vii. 12. Ebenezer. 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' Ps. lxxxiv. 1. 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.' Rebuilt in the year of our Lord, 1866."

Ebenezer in the Hebrew tongue means a stone. The South Church has a spacious and well-kept cemetery, and the whole aspect of Schraalenburg is in the highest degree prosperous. Its Dutch origin is betrayed by the neatness of its farms, the stone-work of its houses, its thatched barns and well-ordered gardens. Schraalenburg has always been the home of thriving farmers, and the land around it on all sides

bears witness to their energy. Here, in earlier years, strawberries, melons, radishes and vegetables of all kinds were cultivated at enormous profits for the New York markets, the thrifty farmers rising before daylight to transport their wares to the city. The orchards and farms are as flourishing to-day as they ever were. Competition has but added a zest to labor, and riches are in-



creasing on all hands in the pleasant Hackensack valley. But no one is ever idle. The women seem to be on the move all the time. If you pass a home with a woman sitting on the porch, she is sure to be busy at something, if it is only shelling peas.

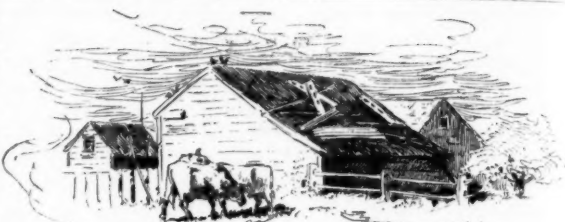
In the earlier years means of transportation were not easy. The only ferry was that at Weehawken, opened in the year 1700, and the farmers had considerable distances to travel to reach it. Roads in the valley were always fairly good, the even nature of the ground for the most part offering few obstacles. It is easy to imagine the charm the meadow lands and marshes of the Hackensack river had for those who first discovered it, and attracted by its width of water near the entrance at Newark bay, found it navigable some sixteen or eighteen miles into the interior. The Dutch explorers must



ACROSS THE FLATS TO LITTLE FERRY.

have found themselves at home in the level ground so familiar to them in their own country, and they were, doubtless, keenly alive to its possibilities if brought under cultivation. Even the salt marshes did not deter them, although it has been found impossible to drain them, and in general features they remain exactly as they appeared to the first explorers. The earliest settlement at Bergen, where Jersey Heights now stands, bears witness to the appreciation felt by the expatriated Dutch for the first elevation in the table-land upon which they had stumbled, and they immediately dignified it with the name dear to them in their own country;

remembering, doubtless, how Bergen-op-Zoom, like the new village, was situated on a hill surrounded on either side with marshy land. It is not difficult to conjure up those homes, rising one by one, in the foreign land, with their thrifty housewives, their sturdy children, and the neatness and order dear



Pitch Thatched roof, barn



Old Dutch house Schraalenburg



Eighteenth

to the Dutch heart. In summer the open out-door life, the interests of cultivation, the care of the garden; in winter the frozen marshes, the skating, the sleighing, and (in all seasons alike) the intercourse between distant families closely connected by ties

of blood, or by the mere fact of expatriation.

Plenty, prosperity and health reigned. Deeply religious, honest and conscientious, the early farmers were industrious and frugal. The first houses were modeled after those of the fatherland. The few that remain are of one story, heavy beams across the ceilings of the rooms supporting the loft above for the storage of grain and wool. Huge fireplaces were built, with circular seats, where the family gathered in the winter evenings around the blazing logs, and where the inevitable brass kettle, dear to the Dutch heart, hung from the crane, while the wide chimney provided accommodations for the huge joints that hung there to be smoked. Often, as prosperity increased,



A TYPE.

these fireplaces were decorated with tiles, brought from Holland, illustrating texts of Scripture, for the instruction and amusement of the children. Many of them remain in old houses in the valley. One may be seen in the Mansion House at Hackensack. The children of these industrious families led no idle lives. Every boy was taught a trade; every girl was brought up to housekeeping. All the requirements of a modest household were met at home. The leather for the gaiters and boots was tanned in the yard; boots and shoes were more often than not made at home in the winter evenings; the spinning-wheel kept pace with the needs of the household; and the women were so industrious that when

they paid social afternoon visits they took their wheels in the wagon that held themselves and their children. Carpets were unknown. The floors, scrubbed and scoured, were sprinkled with sand brought from the shore, which was swept up into waves or other geometrical figures, and which it was the pride of the housewife to keep unscattered.

The children, whose name was legion—for the thrifty farmers raised enormous families, ten, twelve and fourteen sons and daughters being no uncommon record—attended schools where discipline and instruction went hand in hand, and very queer places they often were. An opening in the roof let out the smoke arising from the

huge log-fire, which took up one end of the long schoolroom, the materials for which were carted into the school until a great pile was erected, which was fired from the base, and smoldered, smoked and blazed as it would. Desks were placed round the room, seats being provided of slabs of oak, upon which the scholars sat for six hours a day. And when there were more pupils than seats, a table, shaped like the roof of a house, was placed in the centre to supply deficiencies. The teachers in these schools had one vice which they brought with them to the new country. Schnapps had fatal charms for them, and it was no uncommon thing for the master to take so large a draught from his stone jug that he was incapacitated for the time, and the scholars enjoyed a recess until, awakening, he would call to order by crying school! school! in a voice that the most daring truant was not bold enough to disregard. Plenty abounded in the homes, and the youngsters were sturdy and healthy. Doctors were scarcely known. In the early settlements complaints cured themselves, and the services of a neighbor were called into request when births or deaths invaded the quiet of the homestead.

Even these inevitable contingencies could not establish practice enough to authorize the extravagance of physician's visits. Some idea of the property of a well-to-do farmer in early days may be gained from the inventories of damages made out after the British depredations, when the household goods of a certain Hendrick Kuyper were valued at £1,644 sterling. This inventory included some curious articles, among others "two negro wenches valued at £60 sterling each, and three children, a garril (girl) of 8 years, a boy of 3 years and one of 1 year and 8 months, valued at £68," and the inevitable brass kettle.

The fertility of the valley and the extent to which it was brought under cultivation, attracted a great deal of attention in Holland and the fame of its productive soil reached far and wide, so much so, that thirty acres of land on Bergen creek were purchased by a nobleman of Louis XVI.'s court for the cultivation of rare plants. He imported many rare plants and trees, among them the Lombardy poplar. From his garden the tree was propagated throughout the valley and greatly prized as an ornament to the homesteads. Timber of all kinds was



BERGEN FIELDS.

produced in the valley and its resources in that regard are still extensive, despite the clearings which have taken place and the abundant undergrowth that over-shadows and marks the course of the Hackensack. Among other woods, oak, hickory, chestnut, maple, gum and button-wood are particularly plentiful. The woods round Englewood, Randall and Norwood are rich in mighty trees. But the Hackensack valley has still other sources of wealth. Copper is found in considerable quantities within its limits. The Schuyler mine first worked in 1753 is still productive, yielding carbonates and sulphates of copper. It was discovered by a negro who worked upon the land of Arent Schuyler, the sixth son of the celebrated Pietersen van Schuyler. Arent Schuyler wishing to reward his slave for the discovery offered him three wishes, upon which the negro first wished always to live with him and have as much tobacco as he could smoke. Secondly, to have a dressing-gown like his master's with brass buttons, which desires were immediately granted. Then being reminded that he had a third wish, he exclaimed, "Then massa, guess I take a little more tobacco." A peculiar interest attaches to this mine because the first steam engine ever seen in America was imported to work it, at a cost of £3,000.

Within the last ten years a great deal of attention has been bestowed upon the brick-making possibilities of the valley. And the extensive works at Haverstraw have a formidable rival in those established near Little Ferry, where the bricks known as Hackensack bricks are made in immense quantities, an average of 100,000 being turned out in a day in the neighborhood. The process

of making them is interesting. The clay is removed from the bed and placed in an artificial vat or pit; it is then mixed with sand, water and coal-dust, and tempered; then it is carried to a molding machine, and from that passes to the molds, which are sanded to prevent the adhesion of the clay. The clay is now in the form of bricks, and these are placed on a level surface for the sun to act upon; they are then spattered or leveled. The next process is "edging," or setting them up on their sides. Then they are spattered again, and afterward "hacked," or placed in loose tiers for the wind to play upon them for two days. Then they are ready to place in the kilns, which are fed with wood, a slow fire being kept up for the first thirty-six hours, and a brisk one for the next five or six days and nights. Little Ferry, thus, in spite of its romantic situation at the junction of two rivers, "the union of the waters," from which the valley derives its name, or, perhaps, because of that coincidence, bids fair to become one of the most practically important and prosaic industrial centres of the valley.



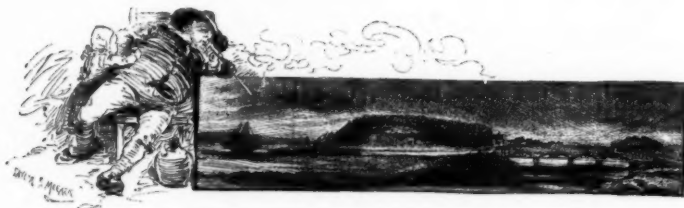
AN OLD HABITATION AT WEST NORWOOD.

The first settler near the shores of the river here was a Dutchman, Mynder van der Horst, who brought destruction upon himself and his household by introducing to the Indians the fiery schnapps of his country. They, in return, burnt his house over his head. Jersey applejack replaces schnapps to-day, and the fertile orchards of the Hackensack valley afford a never-ending supply of material for its manufacture. In portions of Franklin county, where much of this esteemed beverage is manufactured in good apple years, the crop is so abundant that thousands of bush-

els rot on the ground, while thousands more find their way to the mills for cider, vinegar and brandy. Abundant crops of grape are grown in this district, and it may safely be asserted of the Hackensack valley, as old Hendrick Hudson said of more extensive tracts of country, that it has always been "a very good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see." The course of the lazy Hackensack is not marked by rugged scenery in any portion of its length. No waterfalls or cataracts compel admiration. Its beauty lies in the even flow of its shining waters, in the pastoral character of the land through which it finds its way, in its transition from the narrow stream, which in the

undulating plains of the upper valley seems a mere silver thread running among the woods to the broad glistening stream which in Bergen county finds its swift way to the bay. Here the river suddenly widening bears upon its bosom schooners from far-distant lands, and presents an appearance so different as it flows through broad marsh lands to lose itself in the mingled waters of the mighty harbor, that it is scarcely recognizable as the same. But alike in marsh lands and wooded districts, amid tall reeds or low undergrowth, the Hackensack adds an element of great beauty to the valley that bears its name.

JANET E. RUUTZ-REES.



THE "STORY OF IDA."

Weary of jangling voices never stilled,
 The sceptic's sneer, the bigot's hate, the din
 Of clashing texts, the webs of creed men spin
 Round simple truth, the children grown who build
 With gilded cards their New Jerusalem,
 Draping the awful mystery of the soul
 With sacerdotal tailoring, alb and stole,
 I turn, with glad and grateful heart, from them
 To the sweet story of the Florentine
 Immortal in her blameless maidenhood,
 Beautiful as God's angels and as good ;
 Feeling that life, even now, may be divine
 With love no wrong can ever change to hate,
 Nor sin make less than all-compassionate !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SECOND-HAND SHOPS IN PARIS.

THERE has been a good deal said and written about Parisian shops, but there is one division of these tempting establishments that has received but scant justice from the foreign chronicler, and that is the multitude of second-hand shops wherewith Paris abounds. From the aristocratic Rue de la Paris, down to the rag-picker's quarter, the Rue Mouffetard, there is not a street in the commercial quarters that does not boast of one or more of such establishments, while certain streets, such as the Rue de Provence or the Chaussée d'Antin are lined with them. They are of every grade and every style, from the lordly and elegantly fitted-up store, whose proprietor deals only in antique cabinets, bronzes and tapestry, Louis XV. jewelry, old miniatures, and ancient lace, all more or less genuine and especially the less, down to the dingy little booth stuck in a corner behind some massive building, wherein old stores and old shoes are vended to whomsoever comes to buy.

Apart from those shops that are devoted to the sale of second-hand furniture, very few of them have any definite style or class of wares. Of course, I except the dealers in old prints and in rare books, whose business is, from its very character, far removed from the ordinary type of the *resseller*, as the second-hand dealer is called in Paris. Usually these tempting shops display every class and variety of goods that enter into the use or adornment of a household. All the elegancies and ornaments of a lady's wardrobe, for instance, may fill one window: robes of satin and velvet, fans of point-lace and mother-of-pearl, India shawls, cleaned gloves, battered hats with crushed feathers and faded ribbons, fine point-lace, and half-worn undergarments, satin slippers, and Honiton handkerchiefs, all blended in one bewildering chaos. The shoes of an opera-dancer are tangled up in the lace of a car-

dinal's robe, an ivory bound prayer-book serves as a support for an inlaid box of cosmetics, a photograph album bound in plaques of malachite is half hidden under a pile of cambric sheets, and a carved crucifix reposes on a sofa-cushion of embroidered velvet, side by side with a broken opera-glass. Groups and figures in imitation Dresden, and plates in supposed old Rouen, contend for admiration in the other window with trinkets set with pale blue sapphires, flawed diamonds, discolored pearls, or dingy opals. In these windows may be read the story of half of the vanished fashions of fifty years back. Here be the goods and the gauds that were in vogue during the First Empire and in the days of Louis Philippe; clocks in black and gilt adorned with marvelously theatrical personages of classical antiquity in gilt bronze, heavily gilt and clumsy-looking porcelain with hideously painted landscapes or historical scenes set amid the gilding; soapy-looking cameo brooches, or other still worse set with coarse Roman mosaics representing St. Peter's or the Tomb of Cecilia Metella; pictures carved out of alabaster, and long spindly-looking vases in marble; such are some of the spoils of old Parisian dwellings and old provincial chateaux that come to find an abiding place in Paris at last. I cannot fancy who can buy these things. The pitchers, and clocks, and china *might* find a purchaser, perhaps, but what woman in her sober senses would ever consent to clasp at her throat one of those dreadful trinkets? The old-fashioned silverware on the other hand has a quaint attractiveness about it: it has its *cachet*, as the French say, in its stiff and prim simplicity.

These shops are largely supplied from the spoils of the *demi-monde*. The fair and fast ladies that people that mysterious realm are continually getting into difficulties, hav-

ing their wardrobes and furniture seized and being sold out by their creditors. Or else, being hard-up for money, they dispose of their possessions *en masse* for about one-fifth of their cost. One may often see in these shops elegant dresses that have been worn, at the most, once or twice; slippers, glasses, and stockings, that never have been worn at all; uncut dress goods, side by side with ivory hair-brushes marked with a conspicuous and well-known monogram, or glass and china equally rendered less salable by the same noted combination of initials. The china toilet-set of the late Adelaide Neilson, for instance, every piece painted with her monogram, encircled with wreaths of roses, formed for a long time the chief ornament of a *bric-a-brac* shop on the Rue du 4 Septembre. The curtains of gold-woven India cashmere, that royal and noble hands have so often pushed aside when they draped the drawing-room door of a certain famous Parisian actress, are growing dusty and dingy now in another such establishment on the Rue de Provence. Nor are royalty and high finance shut out from furnishing their quota to the plenishing of these chaotic precincts. Baron Oppenheim's famous clock, the duplicate of the one now owned by Mr. George W. Childs, a figure of a woman holding a pendulum and standing on a lofty pedestal, went from one of these establishments to adorn a princely mansion in one of the Western States. I know where Queen Christina's dining-room suite in satin and gold is to be found, and the wedding necklace in pearls with an emerald and diamond clasp that Napoleon III. gave to the fairest bride that within the last thirty years has ascended a European throne. I know, too, who has for sale the Russia sable mantle, the giving of which to a French actress caused the downfall of a Russian diplomat, and the scarf of Spanish lace that Madame Musard bought when Queen Isabella found it too dear. Somewhere among these shops are hidden the great turquoises that were borrowed for an evening's wear by a certain fast Parisian dame from a Roumanian magnate, and which somehow or other miraculously disappeared and never were heard of more. I know the narrow little warehouse amid

whose gloom tower high in air the gigantic malachite vases that were manufactured in Russia for Prince Demidoff, and which took the prize at the Universal Exposition. I know, too, where are the malachite folding-doors of the San Donato Palace shut in a wealth of cobwebbed tapestries and dusty chairs. I can lay my hand, figuratively speaking, on the service of antique Delft that the King of Holland suffered an American adventuress to carry off from one of his minor palaces.

If the walls and counters of these shops could speak, what tales might they not tell of splendors, that, reversing the generally imagined order of things, have swept through the *salons* of the Quartier Breda, before they went to adorn those of the Faubourg St. Germain. There is many an elegant and aristocratic Parisian lady, whose purse is narrower than her social aspirations, and who does not hesitate to replenish her wardrobe from the establishments on the Rue de Provence. Many of these houses have their regular *clintèle*, that have the refusal of any eligible purchase before it is exhibited among the stock. Nor is the *demi-monde* the only source of supply. French waiting-maids, attached to wealthy families, receive their mistresses' cast-off gowns as their perquisites, and those garments, sooner or later, find their way to the toilet merchants, as these sellers of second-hand dresses are termed.

And what dreadful creatures they are for the most part, these venders of old dresses and of *bric-a-brac*! One is seized with an involuntary shudder on looking at the countenances of a group of them at a wardrobe sale at the Hôtel Drouot. The women, elderly, depraved, coarse-looking creatures, have even a more repulsive aspect than the men. And no wonder, for as a class the female toilet merchants are numbered among the most demoralized and demoralizing personages of their sex in Paris. Dressed for the most part in unsalable odds-and-ends from their own stock-in-trade, with battered bonnets, and shabby waterproof cloaks, and hideous little worn traveling bags, their appearance is altogether unfeminine and repellent. Yet some of these women are marvelous judges of the worth

and fineness, not only of laces and India shawls, but of precious stones, antique china and ancient curiosities. I have seen one of them buy a lot of apparently worthless porcelain, and single out at once, amid cracked teacups and chipped saucers, the one genuine and choice bit that was worth five times what she gave for the lot. As to their style of doing business, the following conversation, which was carried on behind my chair at a recent sale at the Hôtel Drouot, may serve as a specimen. The speakers were an old greasy-looking man in a blouse, and one of the hideous old hags in a waterproof cloak that I have just described.

He: "Good morning, M^{ame} Dubois. Trade pretty brisk just now?"

She: "Alas, no, M. Martin. Nothing doing."

He: "That's bad. Want to buy a nice beveled looking-glass? I've got one at my shop that I'll sell cheap. I thought of taking it out of the frame and selling it as an antique, but it's rather too big for that. So you may have it for fifty francs, if you want it."

She: "I'll come and have a look at it. I say, Père Martin, I made rather a good thing out of that Dresden group you advised me not to buy. I sold it as antique some two weeks later."

He: "You don't say so! What luck! Now, what are you going to buy to-day? Let me advise you to bid for that gilt clock with the Apollo on it."

She (sticking out her mouth and contemplating the clock in question with an air of doubt): "H'm—I don't know about that—it's dreadfully old-fashioned."

He (eagerly): "Yes; but don't you see, it is of the first empire, when people gilded things a great deal better than they do nowadays. So I always buy the gilt bronzes of that time, and I wash the gilding off of them with an acid. Sometimes I get as much as twelve francs worth of gold out of a single article. Then I can have it regilt for about two francs. And that is the way we make our little profits."

Just then the sale began, and put a stop to the dialogue between the worthy pair.

The great shops for the sale of second-hand furniture belong to another category.

Some of these latter are very extensive, and deal only in the most elegant and costly articles. They have large warehouses attached to them, wherein the goods are stored, specimens only being kept in the show-rooms. The proprietors of these large establishments will buy out the furniture of a private hotel, or undertake to furnish one from garret to cellar with equal promptitude. Sometimes they join to this business that of landlords of furnished apartments, taking the rooms unfurnished and fitting them up out of their own stock. Articles are to be bought at these shops at one-third less than they can be supplied by first hands. Sometimes they can be purchased at less than half their original value, and such quaint and beautiful things as one may pick up in wandering among the treasures of these establishments, Louis XIV. bureaux, and First Empire bedroom sets, inlaid with strips of shining brass, and tables and cabinets of old Dutch marquetry, and chairs covered with old tapestry or with faded brocade, and carved chests, and settees, and cabinets of dark wood, and dinner-services of Sèvres china, and other enchanting objects too numerous to mention; and then the delight of coming across a genuine bargain, an odd chair, in marvelous carving, or a Sèvres vase, with a crack in it; or a group in genuine old Saxe, with a leg or an arm broken off here and there and skillfully restored, and all offered for a mere song.

The connoisseur in antiquities may also occasionally pick up a genuine and valuable curiosity among the hoards of the old *bric-a-brac* shops. But the days are past of such extraordinary "finds" as was that of the collector Sauvageot, when he discovered amid the contents of a box of old iron that clasp and chain of an *escarcelle* of the sixteenth century, which now figures among the antiquities in the Museum of the Louvre. The keepers of such shops, by reason of the prevailing rage for *bric-a-brac*, have become educated up to the requirements of their business, and cheap and genuine antiquities are now as undiscoverable as are really valuable books amid the tattered volumes displayed for sale along the Parisian quays. Yet I knew of one case wherein a smelling-bottle, of gold and sil-

ver, worth fifty dollars, was purchased at a second-hand shop on the Rue de Provence for five dollars. The costly toy was of American origin, and the shopkeeper undoubtedly imagined it to be a combination of plated ware and gilding. And in another

more extraordinary instance, a sketch of a peasant reaping, by Millet, was bought by a lucky art-connoisseur at an old shop on the quays for eight dollars. He afterward sold it for six hundred.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OCTOBER.

I.

Came a wild queen up the glens, whence the summer had fled—
 Beautiful, wonder-eyed, strong-hearted, glowing October!
 Brightly with colors of flame was her vesture bespread;
 All the rich spoils of the year had been gathered to robe her.

II.

Life in her cheek flushed and throbbed, burning fitfully clear,
 Life in her eyes lit their depths with a passionate splendor;
 Forth she came singing, with voice full of mystical cheer,
 Forth she came singing a bride-song, exultant and tender.

III.

Lustrous October (I said), if thou com'st as a bride,
 Yet if thou com'st as a queen, sure thy bridegroom is royal!
 "Great is the monarch," she said, "who shall stand at my side,
 None is so fair in mine eyes—none so steadfast and loyal."

IV.

Who is thy king and thy bridegroom, fair queen of the Year?
 Beautiful, wonder-eyed, strong-hearted, golden October!
 "Death is my bridegroom!" she said, "and his bride is so dear,
 All the rich spoils of the summer are gathered to robe her.

V.

"Death is my bridegroom," she said, "and his grace shall be mine.
 See'st thou my vesture of flame? It is donned for his glory;
 Gentle the touch of his hand, and his eyes are divine!
 Only his nearest can list to his marvelous story.

VI.

"Forth he will lead me, to lands beyond shadow and strife;
 Bright are the halls of his palace, though dark be its portal.
 There he is known not as Death—but his name is called *Life*!
 Life shall be mine, and through me is the Year made immortal."

MARION COUTHOUY.

[Begun in the July number.]

BEATRIX RANDOLPH.*

CHAPTER IX.

HER FRIENDS, HER ENEMIES AND HER LOVERS.

WITHIN the next few days everybody in New York could quote a more or less authoritative opinion as to the merits of Mlle. Marana; for the guests at the Dinsmores' dinner and reception had been so selected that their various reports could reach all sections of polite society. The verdict, on the part of both sexes, was almost universally favorable, and everyone, consequently, made preparations to extend further invitations to her. The only noteworthy dissentient voice was that of Mrs. Bright, who affirmed that the great *prima donna* was underbred and presuming. Even this critic, however, admitted that she had redeeming traits.

"In her proper place she is very well. She is a professional singer; and though she is very professional, she is really a very good singer, too."

Mr. Barclayffe, the amateur composer, contributed an able article to a leading journal, in which he attempted to assign Mlle. Marana her place among the great singers of the last forty years.

"To the culture, the vivacity and the subtlety of the present," he wrote, "our Russian guest unites the training, the knowledge and the solidity of the past. Rooted in the soil of the best traditions of her predecessors, the flower of her genius blossoms in the new sunshine of to-day. The grandeur and dignity of her method is vivified and sweetened by rare personal charms of manner, and by that seeming artlessness of execution which is the finest triumph of art. Her appearance among us is another proof, not only of the reputation which we of the Western World have attained of being the final tribunal in matters of musical taste and judgment, but of the great fact that

real genius is always unique. Mlle. Marana recalls no other singer; she is herself! and to say this is (as those who have heard her will testify) to pay her the highest compliment. She does not accentuate an epoch; she makes one. Of her dramatic capacities we have yet to judge; but, simple and unassuming as is her bearing in private society, it is easy for the initiated to discern, in the grace, effectiveness and precision of her gestures and carriage, the results of that long training upon the stage, and command of its resources, which alone can make the poetry of movement a second nature. Our only misgiving is," added the writer, "that the ordinary repertoire of operas may fail to afford Mlle. Marana an adequate opportunity for the manifestation of her powers. While yielding to none in our reverence and admiration for the operatic productions of the great composers, from Mozart to Wagner, we may be permitted to wish that some new work might be forthcoming, essentially modern in its scope and quality, and thereby answering more completely to the requirements of modern culture. It would indeed be a matter of congratulation were such a work to claim an American origin!"

Those who knew the authorship of this article made merry over the peroration, and inquired archly whether Barclayffe had at last found somebody capable of appreciating his musical accomplishments. But by the majority it was accepted with becoming docility; and the impresario, it is needless to say, was enchanted with it. The allusions to the Marana's familiarity with the stage were especially grateful to him.

"I'll just tell you how it is," he said to Jocelyn; "you play off a little game on the public, and you feel nervous because there's

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one or two weak points in it. Well, sir, by Jupiter, those weak points are just the very ones the public swallows the quickest! Now, here's this girl—she can sing; we all know that; but she's a born American, and she's never been on the stage. Well, sir, there was old Lucretia March, at the dinner, who said she could hardly understand her on account of her Russian accent; and now Barcliffe comes out and swears she must have been born behind the footlights! The next thing 'll be, we shall have some woman turning up and vowing the Marana has run off with her husband and a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Are you aware, Moses," inquired his friend, "that Wallie Dinsmore has seen the real woman in Vienna, and knows this one to be a fraud?"

The General sat down the cocktail with which he was about to celebrate his good fortune. "Are you lying, or what's the matter?" he demanded brusquely.

"I had it from the man himself, you old blackguard," rejoined the other composedly.

"Does he know who this one is?"

"If he doesn't, he probably will before long."

The General reflected. At last he said, "Well, I ain't scared. What should he make a row for? It ain't going to hurt him, and what's more, he's taken up the girl himself. It may tickle him to find out the facts, but he ain't a fellow to talk. If it was you, now, I might want to buy you off; but he's another sort." And General Inigo tossed off his cocktail with renewed serenity.

"I'll bet you you're mistaken," said Jocelyn.

"I don't bet with you, my good friend," replied the impresario, shaking his head and chuckling sardonically. "I'll tell you what I will do, though," he added, after a moment. He took from his pockets a check-book and a Mackinnon pen, and wrote a check, which he showed to Jocelyn. It was for ten thousand dollars, and was drawn to Jocelyn's order.

"You can have that check," said Inigo, "and be fingering the bank-notes in half an hour from now, on one condition."

"Go on," said Jocelyn.

"On condition that you take yourself out of the whole business, and leave me to deal with the girl direct. It's a damned shame, by Jupiter, that you should be putting thirty per cent. of her money into your pocket every time she sings, and making her think I pay her that much less than I do. I'll buy you out for ten thousand dollars, cash down, to-day, and take the risk of her busting up, and everything else. I'm talking money—that's what I'm doing; and there it is! will you do it?"

"You may go to the devil," said Jocelyn, pushing back the check-book, though not without an effort. "I'll have you to know that money's not the only thing I'm after. I've got my own views about the girl, and I'll manage the business my own way."

The impresario detached the check from the book, and having rolled it into an *alumette*, lit his cigar with it. "That's all right," said he, crushing the burnt remnant under his foot, "only don't you talk to me no more about betting! I know a man when I clap eyes on him; and I know a woman, too; and I guess you'll have time to grow to be a bigger rascal than you are, before you rope in my *prima donna*! She's meat for your betters, my boy, and they're not far to look for!"

Jocelyn contrived to maintain a contemptuously indifferent demeanor; but it is certain that whoever made money out of the impresario was obliged to earn it, in one way or another.

Meanwhile, Miss Beatrix Randolph, or the Marana, as all the world now called her, was in more cheerful spirits than she had been before her reception at the Dinsmores. She liked the Dinsmores; she was inclined to like almost everybody. She tried to take a charitable view even of the young gentlemen in high shirt-collars who complimented her so baldly, and said things which she knew were witty only because they laughed at them. She reflected that she knew nothing of the free-masonry of modern society, and that probably the young gentlemen intended only to be polite and entertaining. Mrs. Bemax, when appealed to on the subject, said they—Mr. Witman and the rest of them—were wealthy and well connected, and that it was desirable for a lady

connected with the stage to cultivate their acquaintance. "A little social relaxation is an excellent thing for you, my dear mademoiselle," declared this worthy lady, "and a capital way to get rid of that little frigidity and stiffness you have brought with you from the country. Ladies connected with the stage have to work hard, but, *en revanche*, they are allowed more freedom in social intercourse than other people. It will be quite proper for you to let Mr. Witman drive you home from rehearsal in his brougham, if I am along—or even without me, at a pinch. All the others do it. You will not let him take any liberties, of course; but don't betray any timidity; he wouldn't understand it."

"It is one thing for me to do as I like," replied mademoiselle, "and another thing for me to let other people do as they like. I don't mean to be stiff, but there is no reason why I should be bothered, either."

"It will be no bother when you are used to it," Mrs. Bemax replied; but, at the time, she did not advocate her view any farther.

The finishing touches were being put to the theatre, and Geoffrey Bellingham was constantly on hand to oversee the work; consequently, he and the *prima donna* must needs meet occasionally. He said very little to her, and was generally very busy when she might have entered into conversation with him; but she had an impression that he kept his eyes upon her often, when she was not looking at him; and his appearance at the theatre was generally coincident with the hour of her rehearsals. One day, after she had been singing a grand scene very effectively, she happened to catch his eye in the stage box, where he stood leaning against the curtained partition, abstractedly knotting and unknotting a piece of tape. His gaze was so earnest, and at the same time so melancholy, that the *prima donna*, obeying an impulse that was partly curiosity, but partly something else, went round to the box when the scene was over, and met him as he was coming out.

"How unhappy you looked!" she said. "Was anything wrong?"

He stared at her for a moment, and said ironically, "Oh, you're a great artiste!"

"I mean to be," she answered smiling.

"A great actress, too! I should like to see you when you are yourself."

"I am myself now," replied Mlle. Marana. Then she remembered that she was not telling the whole truth, and blushed and looked down.

"Then you must be a remarkable woman! But you probably don't know that you always appear to me like a fresh and innocent American girl. I can't see anything foreign or—stagey in your talk or manners. Extremes meet, I suppose; and like Paul, you are all things to all men."

This speech made the young diva feel that the world was very wide and very cruel; and tears came into her eyes. She was alone; there was no one to answer for her or protect her. She would not have minded so much what most people thought of her, but it would have been a great comfort to her if this man, at any rate, had by some divine faculty of vision been able to see through the disguise that veiled her from the rest of the world. He did see through it, but he did not believe what he saw. He thought that his discovery was her deception, and the more she was frank and simple, the more she was her real self—the less would he believe in her. It was a dilemma between intuition and reason; and, with a man of the world, reason, in such cases, is apt to have the best of it. It would have been easy for the *prima donna* to have enlightened him, and under certain circumstances she might have been tempted to do so. But now it was a matter of pride to her, if nothing else, to say no word that could lead him to infer that his sympathy was anything to her one way or the other. But she was at liberty to resent an insult, and she felt that to do so would help her to preserve her composure.

"You probably don't know, sir," she said, imitating his phrase, "that to call even an opera singer the extreme opposite of fresh and innocent, is not polite. I am not so contemptible a thing to all men as I seem to be to you!"

"It was a brutal thing to say, and I did not mean it," he replied, in a low voice. "But I can't say what I wish to you. There's no middle way. And before she could make up her mind what this meant,

he passed by her, and walked heavily away down the corridor.

The *prima donna* fell into a deep and not altogether painful reverie. She seated herself on a bench behind the scenes, and followed out her musings, with her chin on her hand. The rehearsal was going forward in front—the duets, the quartets, and the choruses; but she was lost in thought. "There's no middle way." What was in his mind—in his heart—when he said that? There had been something very potent in his eyes—that she was sure of. What eyes he had! what a stern, resolute face, with nothing mean or commonplace in it. He was not like the others, either in aspect or in manner. His very carelessness and roughness was more high-bred than their best behavior. Though he might go among other men, he would always be apart from them; he was lonely, like herself; but, unlike hers, his was a voluntary and a noble loneliness. And he despised her, because—because some other woman was despicable! That was unjust, and yet, perhaps there was inadvertent justice in it. Perhaps, if he knew the truth, he would despise her no less, on other grounds. But, again, there was some other feeling besides contempt at work within him—what could that be? The girl raised her head slightly, with a doubtful, musing smile on her lips.

There was a stealthy step behind her, which she did not hear until it was close upon her. Then, suddenly, a pair of hands were pressed over her eyes, and her head was drawn back. For a moment she was too much amazed to resist; besides, she thought it must be—could not but be—some one who had a right to treat her so—her father, or even her brother Ed; no stranger would dare! any impossibility was more possible than that. The next moment she felt kisses on her cheek and mouth—clumsy, offensive kisses. She was not a screaming woman, but she gave a passionate outcry of disgust, twisted herself free, and sprang to her feet.

The offender stood before her, evidently not at all convinced of the enormity of his outrage. His visage was wrinkled into a waggish laugh, in which he seemed to expect the *prima donna* to join. It had al-

ready been made apparent to her that the man had been drinking, but the mist of wrath in her eyes kept her for an instant from recognizing in him the newly engaged musical director, Herr Plotowski. She felt that if she had had a weapon in her hand, she could have killed him on the spot. And he was laughing!

"Aha! my beautiful ma'm'selle! I catch you fair dat time!" he exclaimed jovially. "Oh! dose beautiful lips! I haf often long to salute dem!"

"If you ever come near me or speak to me again—" began the *prima donna*; but she checked herself. She would not condescend even to threaten such a wretch. Besides, what power had she to carry a threat into execution? Herr Plotowski had been engaged at great expense; he was considered a valuable acquisition. No one could lead an orchestra more ably than he. If she complained of him, her complaint would be put off or disregarded; nor could she bring herself to confide the outrage to a man like General Inigo. He would be sure to laugh, and answer her with some coarse, good-humored jest. In this new world she had entered into everybody seemed to make a jest of everything. There was no one to defend her; she must submit, if she could not defend herself. But, as her glance fell upon Herr Plotowski, she told herself she would rather die than submit to such another insult.

Her passionate indignation must have made itself perceptible through the callous hide of the director, fortified though he was by whisky. The wrinkled laugh gradually faded from his countenance, and gave place to an expression of absurd solemnity and irritation. "You be angry dat I kiss you, eh?" he cried in a harsh voice. "Let me tell you, ma'm'selle, I kiss all ze ladies vot sing-by me. Zey dake it as compliment; if not, I make it vorse for zem, eh? Plotowski kiss all he please, and dat all right, ain't it? You ask ze General, and you find out! Now den!" And he stalked away haughtily.

This incident would, perhaps, have affected her somewhat less poignantly, if it had not occurred immediately after her interview with Bellingham, and while her

thoughts were full of him. The revulsion was almost unendurable, and made her feel as if the pollution could never be removed. Her bosom heaved, and bitter tears ran down her face. A woman is helpless enough at best, but she more than the rest, because she was fighting under a false name and reputation. Nevertheless, she could not retreat now, nor give up the battle. She knew that her father had incurred pecuniary obligations to Inigo which could only be repaid through her. Besides, should she let her career be destroyed at the outset because a creature like Plotowski had insulted her? Should she not rather persevere until she had won such position and such power as should enable her to protect herself against all the world? There was a proud, unconquered spirit in her, which asserted itself in her forlornness and distress more than it had ever done in her security and happiness. And after all, she was not without friends. At the worst, she could apply to her father; and then, there was Hamilton Jocelyn, who, although rather worldly and absurd, was really a good man, with her interests at heart, as was

proved by his having obtained for her this splendid engagement; and there was Mr. Dinsmore, who seemed kindly, and a gentleman; and Mr. Barclay, who had written all that praise of her in the newspaper; and there, too, was Geoffrey Bellingham; whatever his opinion of her might be, she did not believe that he would have stood by and allowed Herr Plotowski to insult her. No; things were not so hopeless, after all.

Madame Bemax had been out to make a few purchases on Broadway. She now returned, carrying her little bundles by loops in the strings that tied them. She hoped mademoiselle had not been delayed or inconvenienced? Mademoiselle replied that she had not been delayed; but something prevented her from telling Madame Bemax about the adventure with the director. She feared madame would say something about the benefits of a little social relaxation, and about getting used to it; and she did not wish to feel an aversion toward the good lady, who was, in many respects, agreeable to her. So she held her peace, and hid her secrets in her heart; but she could not forget them.

CHAPTER X.

THE SUCCESS AND GLORY OF HER CAREER.

On the day appointed for the selling of tickets for the first performance, the extent of the popular interest that had been aroused was indicated by the length of the "cue" of buyers, who made a line from the box-office all the way round the block, and who began their session, or station rather, upward of twenty-four hours before the office opened. Accounts of their nocturnal experiences, their jokes, and their good-humor appeared in the morning papers, together with plans of the interior arrangements of the opera-house, the precautions against fire and panic, the unequalled splendor and perfection of the scenery, and the cost of the whole enterprise. The usual safeguards against the imposition of speculators were taken, and met with the usual success. By five in the afternoon, the house was sold from ceiling to cellar, and the impresario,

leaning in an *insouciant* attitude against the bar of the hotel, with his hat on one side and his face broader than it was long, treated his numerous friends to drinks, and received their congratulations.

This was on a Saturday. On Monday the performance took place, "before the most fashionable, cultivated and appreciative audience ever assembled on a similar occasion in the city of New York." So recent and eminent a triumph is not likely to have been forgotten by those who witnessed it. The opera selected was "*Faust*:" it is perhaps the most satisfactory one for a first appearance, not only because of its musical merits, but because everybody is familiar with it, and can estimate the comparative success of the new comer in "creating" afresh the immortal character of *Marguerite*. There had been a great number of rehearsals, and

Mlle. Marana had grown somewhat weary of the repetitions, and latterly had begun to fear that when the great night came she would, if not unnerved by stage fright, at any rate be unable to go through the part otherwise than mechanically. All spontaneity of action and sentiment would be gone from her. She stayed in her apartment all day on Monday, refusing to see anyone, and even dispensing, the greater part of the time, with the presence of Madame Bemax. She wished to dismiss the whole subject of the opera from her mind, and to aid herself in doing so, she fixed her thoughts upon her brother Ed and recalled all his ways and escapades, and the happy times they had spent together. She pictured him and herself running races, and climbing trees, and finding bird's nests, and tending their red and white roses, and going on hunting expeditions after woodchucks and squirrels; and she brought back to her memory the talks they used to have together, when they would lay out before themselves the course of their future lives—what they would do and what they would be; how different from their anticipation it had turned out! But he was her brother just the same, and she loved him no less than she had ever done; on the contrary, she loved him more, for he had given her an opportunity to show her love by repairing an injury which he had done. It was pleasant to think that, when he returned home, expecting to meet only distress and reproaches, he would find instead prosperity as great, if not greater than before his extravagance began, and all owing to his own sister! If he had done wrong, his sister thought, the discovery that she had worked to repair it would be more certain than anything else to make him henceforward do right. Then she began to speculate as to what sort of wrong he had done—whether it were anything more than thoughtlessness and extravagance. A few weeks ago she would have said that it could be nothing more; but she had been forced to see and hear certain things of late which made her hesitate. She had seen what some young men, possessed of money and freedom, were and did; why might not her brother Ed be like them? . . . She put the thought away

from her; she would not believe evil of her own brother. He was a Randolph and a gentleman. He might be selfish and reckless, but he would never do anything wicked or disgraceful. It was more to be feared that he would deem her to have disgraced herself, in stealing another woman's name and reputation. It was all very well to plead that she had been persuaded into it half ignorantly, half against her will; the fact that she had done it remained. Well—it was too late to turn back now!

The long hours passed on, and as the evening approached, she found herself thinking not of Ed, but of another person, who had come into her mind, not by her own invitation, but involuntarily; or, possibly, he had been in the background all the while, and advanced as the other receded. She had had no conversation with Bellingham since that day at the theatre, but they had met several times, and exchanged a few words, and there had been something in his manner that had strengthened and reassured her, she knew not why—something that seemed to show that intuition was acquiring more weight with him than reason. And yet he had not seemed happy, nor at ease; but his uneasiness was of a kind that soothed and inspirited her. It was like the trouble of a cloudy dawn, out of which the sun at last rises clear. He was not treacherous nor intangible, like so many men; his qualities were large and firmly based; he could not play monkey-tricks, and talk one thing while he thought another. The process of his feelings was honest and open; he was reserved and reticent precisely because he could not be insincere. The *prima donna* longed with all her soul to be as frank and undisguised as he. She felt that, could she be so, all would be well between them; but that, until then, all would not be well. And she said to herself, how perverse a mishap it was that this disguise of hers should have become necessary just when they met; had she met him at any other time of her life, he would have known her as she really was, and his intuition and his reason would have been at one. But then, again, her pride arose, and she vowed that if he did not care enough about knowing her to discern her real self beneath the

false disguise, he should never know her at all. But did what she called her real self exist any longer? Had not the disguise destroyed it? And, if so, could she expect him to discover what was no longer there?—She pressed her hands over her eyes, and breathed heavily.

The time of waiting was now over, however. Madame Bemax was knocking at the door, and coming in with mademoiselle's cloak and bonnet in her hand, and saying that the carriage was ready, and that they must drive to the theatre at once, in order that mademoiselle might have time to put on *Marguerite's* dress, before the curtain rose. The *prima donna* stood up, and the realization of what lay before her came sweeping over her mind like a storm. She was slightly tremulous, and felt cold and feeble. Madame Bemax made her drink a glass of wine, and conducted her down to the carriage. She seemed hardly to know where she was; she could speak only with an effort; a benumbing preoccupation had got possession of her. At the carriage door a gentleman was waiting, clad in evening dress, with a light overcoat. Her heart beat for an instant, then became oppressed and tremulous again; it was only Jocelyn. He helped her into the carriage, and got in after her and Madame Bemax; he began to say various things in a caressing, encouraging voice; she exclaimed sharply, "Don't speak to me! I must think my thoughts!" The rattle of the wheels on the pavement agitated her; she could not keep her hands or her lips still. Sometimes she fancied they had been driving for hours; sometimes, that they had scarcely started. When at length they arrived at the theatre, everything seemed at once familiar and strange; she had seen it all scores of times before, but never with the eyes she saw it with now. Several persons addressed her, but she walked on to her dressing-room without appearing conscious of anyone. The room was small, but prettily decorated; there were two full-length mirrors in it, and it was fragrant with flowers. On the table was lying a bunch of *marguerites*, tied about with a narrow blue ribbon. The knot by which the ribbon was fastened caught the *prima donna's* eye; she had seen something like it before. It was

not an ordinary knot, but one such as sailors make. She took up the little white and golden cluster, and looked them over; there was nothing to show whence they came—nothing but the knot. While she was putting on her dress, her mind occupied itself with this little mystery, and the oppression of her heart was relieved. She put the *marguerites* in her girdle, feeling kindly disposed toward them, for they had done her good. Then a desire suddenly took possession of her to go out and see the audience. The overture was still in progress, and she might cross the stage and look through a peep-hole in the curtain. Madame Bemax assented, and accompanied her. The stage was dimly lighted, and a number of people were moving hither and thither upon it; the scene-shifters were giving the last touches to the arrangements. Mile. Marana, with a light shawl over her shoulders, glided unobserved up to the great curtain, and looked through.

The spectacle was like nothing else she had ever seen or imagined. The house was brilliant with light, and alive with movement and murmur. But the thousands of faces, row after row and tier above tier! the glance of innumerable eyes, all turned toward her, all come there to see her!—it was astounding and terrifying! Those innumerable eyes—nothing could escape them, nothing be invisible to them. They were overpowering, hostile, exterminating! All impression of individual human beings was lost, and the audience seemed to be a sort of monster, without sympathies and responsibilities, immense, uncontrollable omniscient—a merciless, multitudinous inquisition! How could a single girl contend against them? By what miracle could her voice and presence reach and subdue them? Rather, her spirit would evaporate from her lips before then, and leave her inanimate.

As she stood gazing there, some one, crossing the stage from the wings, passed near her. She knew the step, and turned. Yes, it was Bellingham. He recognized her, and paused, apparently surprised to see her there, but his expression could not be discovered in the shadow.

"Does the house satisfy you, mademoiselle?" he said, approaching her. As he

did so, he glanced at the flowers in her girdle. The glance did not escape her, and then she knew where it was she had seen the knot before. It was that day of their interview in the corridor; his fingers had been idly busy tying and untying a bit of string.

"I didn't know you would be here," she said, in a whisper. "I am glad."

"They expect a call for the architect," he replied, "and I must make a bow."

"Will you be in the audience while I sing?"

"Yes; why?"

"Show me which seat is yours."

He stepped to the peep-hole.

"You see that chair half-way down the centre aisle? That is mine."

"Thank you," she said; "and thank you for these flowers. I feel made over new! Now I can sing!"

She put out her hand, and Geoffrey took it in his. For a moment it seemed to them as if they were alone together. When two persons meet in complete sympathy, all other human association seems so trifling in comparison that they cease to be aware of it.

At this moment the overture came to an end, and the order was issued for the stage to be cleared. The *prima donna* found herself again in her dressing-room, but not in the same mood as she had left it. She was warm, composed and happy. She looked in the tall mirror, and for the first time, saw *Marguerite* reflected there. Then into her serene and awakened mind entered all the tenderness, simplicity and pathos of *Gretchen's* lovely story, and she felt the spirit of the German peasant maiden take possession of her. The appurtenances of the stage, the mechanism of the effects, the glare of the footlights, no longer had power to disturb her illusion; they seemed themselves an illusion, and only the story was real. And when the moment came that she stood before the mighty audience, they were to her no longer a hostile and opposing presence, with which she must struggle in hopeless contest, but a vast reservoir of human sympathy, aiding her, supporting her, comprehending her, supplying her with life and inspiration, and responding a thousand-

fold to every chord she touched. As her voice floated out and abroad from her lips, it seemed to owe its enchanted sweetness and resonance, not to her, but to its echo in the hearts of her listeners. Whence, then, had come this marvelous change in the mutual relation between her audience and herself? She was conscious only of the joy of unrestrained expression; the audience, only of the delight of ear and eye; and Geoffrey Bellingham, sitting with folded arms and charmed pulses in the midst of the assemblage, had no suspicion that any part of this triumph of harmony and beauty was due to him. His eyes and all his senses were turned toward her; but how should he imagine that amid the crowd of that great amphitheatre her glances were conscious of no face but his, and that all the stupendous magnetism of their silence and their applause was centred and concentrated in him? He had even forgotten that his *marguerites* were in her girdle.

As has already been intimated, however, it would be superfluous to give any account of this memorable performance from the audience's point of view. Competent judges who attended many repetitions of the opera, have declared that Mile. Marana never afterward surpassed the standard of excellence she attained on this first occasion. It was the topic of the time, and the fame of it spread all over the United States, and was spoken of next day in London and Paris. The public, which is so inhuman and tyrannical in its apathies and antipathies, is like a child and a slave in its favoritism and its homage. It idolized the incomparable Marana, and would have built her a house of gold with jeweled windows, if she had demanded it. The unknown girl from the upper reaches of the Hudson was crowned Queen of New York for the sake of two or three hours' sweet singing.

It is seldom that Adam, or even diviner Eve, in the days of their youth, are wholly insensible to the worship of their fellow creatures. They may say, and believe, that flattery cannot make them alter their own estimate of their merit; nevertheless, the eye that sees admiration in all other eyes involuntarily waxes brighter and more assured, and the presence before which others

bow down, if it do not bear itself more commandingly, can at least scarcely avoid a graceful condescension. Doubtless it is not the merit, but the homage which the merit causes, that creates the elation. And by and by the suggestion will insinuate itself that there may, after all, be something exceptional in the nature gifted with such talents, apart from the talents themselves. From this point it is not far to the conclusion that exceptional natures demand exceptional treatment and consideration: should not be made accountable to ordinary rules; should be a law unto themselves. No position is more susceptible than this of being vindicated by plausible arguments; and a poor argument warmed by goodwill has always been worth a dozen better ones chilled and torpid from the breath of disinclination.

Now, Mlle. Marana, though she could not estimate the influence upon others of the personal quality of her voice, could not help knowing that she sung in tune and correctly; but, inasmuch as many other women could do this, she was forced to infer that her being made Queen of New York must be due to some personal quality as aforesaid. This just persuasion gave her pleasure on more accounts than one; but one account was, that it seemed to justify in some measure the deception which she was maintaining before the world. Though still chargeable with purloining Marana's name, she might, perhaps, acquit her conscience of damaging that lady in her musical reputation. If she were listened to with as great favor as the genuine Russian diva would have been, surely the latter could not complain of any very great practical injury. On the contrary, she would have earned an American renown without being troubled to so much as open her lips. True, renown was all she would earn; but she had voluntarily given up the offer of other emoluments, before the false Marana had ever been thought of. Of course, a lie is a lie, after every excuse has been made for it; yet there may be cause for congratulation if a lie prove to contain no other mischief than the simple invasion of a truth.

In this opinion she was, it need scarcely be said, cordially supported by Hamilton

Jocelyn and Madame Bemax; nor was her father disinclined to take an optimistic view of the situation. The latter gentleman, by the way, seemed to have taken a fresh start in life since his troubles came to head, therein following the example of many prominent citizens of New York and other places, who, when other sources of supply run dry, are accustomed to tap with golden success the unfailing spring of Insolvency. Mr. Randolph had taken rooms in a small but elegant flat on Fifth Avenue, and was living the life of a rejuvenated bachelor and man about town. The possession of a momentous secret flattered his sense of self-importance, and the incumbency of a minor sinecure in the municipal government, which he had obtained through General Inigo's friendly interest with the democratic mayor, enabled him to assume the air of one who is on confidential terms with statesmen. He had been at considerable pains to devise ambiguous explanations of his possession of ready money, and of the singular disappearance of his daughter; and had been somewhat disappointed to discover that no one seemed to be aware that he had ever lacked the former or owned the latter. The world, Mr. Randolph thought, must be a barbarously large as well as a reprehensibly inattentive place, since it had failed to follow with solicitude the course of his domestic concerns. However, if there was neglect on one side of the account, it was balanced by convenience on the other; and the unsuspected father of the great *prima donna* made a virtue of impunity.

He visited his daughter twice or thrice a week, besides being present at her performances; but it afforded him a certain gratification to surround their interviews with an elaborate network of secrecy and intrigue—as if he were an enamored Montague seeking to commune, at peril of their lives, with a love-lorn Capulet. There was evidently a vein of romance in this old gentleman, which, had it been properly cultivated in due season, might have considerably enlarged his character.

To return, however, to the *prima donna's* conscience: it would probably have subsided into a condition of comfortable acquiescence in destiny, had it not been for the

stimulus unconsciously applied to it by a gentleman of her acquaintance. She could never meet Geoffrey Bellingham without wishing that Mlle. Marana had never been born; or, at least, that she herself might have achieved her fame in some straightforward and unencumbered way. When a certain tender look and smile, very winning in one whose features were naturally severe, came into his face, the pleasure it gave her was marred by the reflection—How would he look if he knew what I am? It is true that he believed her to be a woman whose moral character was currently supposed to be less immaculate than a good many aliases would render that of Beatrix Randolph; none the less she felt, when in his presence, that her one actual sin was more burdensome than all the vicarious naughtiness of the unknown Russian. She told herself

that Geoffrey had perhaps made up his mind to condone Marana's delinquencies, taking into account her foreign training, her temptations, and the loose standard of morals that prevailed in Europe; but that he never would forgive Beatrix for having deliberately misled him—she, an American girl, brought up amid all the enlightenment and fastidious rectitude of the great Republic. This was the crumpled leaf in her bed of roses, and it chafed her relentlessly.

But persons whose perception of their value—social, artistic, or other—is on the way to beguile them into making a golden calf of themselves in the wilderness, may have reason to be grateful for the implicit criticism of some severe-eyed young law-giver, whose exhortations are none the less effective because they happen to be the utterance of the silent voice of character.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW SHE WAS BETRAYED AND SLANDERED.

One forenoon, as Wallie Dinsmore was seated in his study, with his slippers on his feet pointing toward the fireplace, the newspaper across his knees, and the African lemur munching a lump of sugar on his shoulder, he heard the door-bell ring. He rubbed his forehead between his eyes, and uncrossed and recrossed his extended legs, by way of arousing himself, for his serenity during the last half-hour had been gradually verging toward the soporific stage. A few moments afterward there was a knock at the study door, and Wallie, resting his chin on the apex of a triangle made by his elbows and joined hands, said, "Come in!"

The visitor entered, and coming up to Wallie's chair, took the paw of the lemur in his hand and shook it. The lemur chattered, and Wallie looked up.

"Hullo, Geoffrey," he said, "I was just thinking about a cottage at Newport. Sit down and let me tell you my idea. Have a cigarette—or a cigar?"

"Have you any smoking tobacco?" returned Geoffrey, taking a pipe from his pocket.

"I guess you'll find some Cavendish in

the jar. You know where the matches are."

Geoffrey supplied himself, and then drew a chair to the other side of the fireplace and smoked for several minutes in silence. At length he said, "Were you at the opera last night?"

"No; what was it?"

"*Semiramide*."

"Good?"

"Yes."

"Your theatre seems to suit her," Wallie remarked. "By the way, there must be a column about last night in the paper. Yes; here it is. 'No such rendering of the music of this part has ever'—and so forth and so on. She's a big success."

"She deserves it, doesn't she?"

"She can sing, sir—she can—sing," replied Wallie, with the quiet slowness that was his only form of emphasis. "She puzzles me!"

"What's the puzzle?"

"If she's been through the wars, where are her scars? She looks fresh as a lily and sweet as new-mown hay. Where's the cloven foot?"

"There is none," said Geoffrey, with a laconic conviction.

"So I'm inclined to think; and so I'm puzzled."

"There will be stories about any woman," rejoined Geoffrey; "mostly lies."

"But some of the European stories about Mlle. Marana—well, they would lead one to suppose that she had changed her nature, and everything else except her name, when she landed in this country."

"Well, since her name is the only thing she could change, it follows . . . And our opinion should be formed on what we see and know, not on hearsay."

"You are only quoting what I said to you when you didn't want to come to the dinner," said Wallie, with a chuckle. "To be sure, I hadn't seen her then."

"I thought you had seen her abroad."

"Well—I mean I hadn't seen her before in New York."

"There has been nothing against her since she came."

"No; on the contrary. I think she has had the opportunity of refusing several eligible offers; and she has done so, for all the world like a true American girl."

"Who were the men?"

"That would be telling. Why do you ask?"

As Geoffrey made no reply, but smoked with a good deal of sternness, Wallie continued after a while, "I suppose your wisdom teeth are cut, young man?"

"She's a lady, and I—wish her treated as such, that's all!" said Geoffrey. What were you saying about a cottage at Newport?"

Before this topic could be gone into, the friends were interrupted by the entrance of another caller—Mr. Alexander Randolph.

"Who the devil is he?" demanded Geoffrey, knocking out his pipe.

"Never met him till this autumn. He won't hurt you. Sit still."

"Ah—good morning, Mr. Dinsmore," said Randolph, entering in state, with his gray eyebrows and imperial; "I can remain but a moment." Here he caught sight of Bellingham. "Am I in the way?"

"In the way of making the acquaintance of Mr. Bellingham—Mr. Randolph," said

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Wallie. "Sit down, gentlemen. Have a cigar, Mr. Randolph?"

"I thank you—never before luncheon. To come to the point at once—I am of a committee of gentlemen to extend a complimentary breakfast to General Inigo, on the fourteenth of this month. Can we count upon your attendance?"

"The fourteenth? Let me see," said Wallie, opening a drawer in his desk and taking out a memorandum-book. "Yes, there seems to be nothing on that day. Much obliged to you and the committee, Mr. Randolph."

"The hour is one o'clock," said Randolph.

"General Inigo deserves a breakfast," Wallie remarked. "He deserves three meals a day. He has catered very well for us."

"That seems to be the general impression," said Randolph, giving a twist to his eyebrow.

"We were just discussing the *prima donna*," Wallie continued. "You know her, of course, Mr. Randolph?"

"I—ah—I have—that is, slightly. I have heard her sing; I may have met her socially; one meets so many people, it is difficult to say."

He colored while he spoke, and seemed a good deal confused.

"She's a very pretty woman, and seems to be as virtuous as she is pretty, strange to say," the other went on. "There's a discrepancy between her conduct and her history."

Mr. Randolph colored still more.

"I—I'm an old-fashioned man, sir," he said, whisking a silk handkerchief out of his coat-tail pocket and passing it over his forehead. "In my day we—we took the virtue of a lady for granted; and I must say I—of course, I have no right to be the champion of this lady, sir, but—"

He stopped, and Bellingham said: "Any man has a right to respect a woman he believes honest, and to make others do so in his presence. If that's old-fashioned, Mr. Randolph, count me in!"

"Thank you, sir," returned the other.

He rose and put back his handkerchief in his pocket.

"I must take leave of you, Mr. Dinsmore," he added. "A man like myself has

a great many affairs on hand. We shall look for you on the fourteenth, then. Good morning; good morning, Mr.—ah—Bellingham."

"I am more puzzled than ever," said Wallie, when Randolph was gone.

"What now?"

"In the first place, he couldn't quite make up his mind whether he'd met her or not; then he got flurried because I suggested there had been stories about her, and, finally, he took to flight rather than discuss her any more. Now, if he doesn't know her, why should he flare up so about her? and if he does know her, why does he pretend he doesn't?"

"He's an old-fashioned—" began Geoffrey.

"That's gammon," interrupted Wallie, "and you know it! The fall of man is an older fashion than Mr. Randolph. Did any sane man, young or old, ever get into a state of mind because the correctness of an opera singer he didn't know was called in question? I can't make it out—unless he means to marry her!"

This speculation was received by Geoffrey in dead silence, and for a considerable time neither of the men said anything. At last the question of the cottage at Newport was brought up once more, and canvassed until they parted.

Bellingham walked slowly toward Madison Square, with Mr. Randolph (among other things) on his mind. Still meditating, he turned up Fifth Avenue, and before long found himself opposite Mlle. Marana's hotel. It occurred to him that he had never yet called on her in her own apartments, and he resolved to repair that neglect. Accordingly he went to the office and inquired if she were in. The clerk glanced at the key-board, and said, "Yes," abstractedly. Bellingham got into the elevator, and went up.

The passage-way, after the bright sunlight of the street, seemed rather dark. Not knowing which way the numbers ran, he remained for a moment where the elevator left him. Just then a door was opened on the right, a gentleman came out, and advanced along the passage toward him. When about ten paces distant, he stopped, turned back,

and departed hastily in the opposite direction. But Bellingham had recognized him; it was Mr. Randolph.

The incident made little impression on him, however. He turned to the left, looking for the number, but finding he was going the wrong way, he retraced his steps, and presently found himself standing before the door from which Mr. Randolph had just issued. It bore Mlle. Marana's number. He knocked, and Madame Bemax opened to him. On his inquiring whether the *prima donna* were engaged, the lady said she would see. So he walked in, and stood by the window, and in a few minutes Mlle. Marana appeared. She greeted him with such evidently spontaneous pleasure that any slight misgiving he may have felt was immediately dissipated.

"I began to think you were never going to come," she said.

"I'm so much out of the way of making calls, that I'm surprised to find myself here. You have a great many callers?"

"Well, a good many come, but I see very few—only old friends. And, of course," she added, "as I was never in New York before, that is the same as saying I see hardly any one."

"I met a man lately who knows you, I think—Mr. Randolph."

"Mr. Randolph?" she pronounced the name in a changed tone, and blushed.

"Alexander Randolph," he repeated, looking at her.

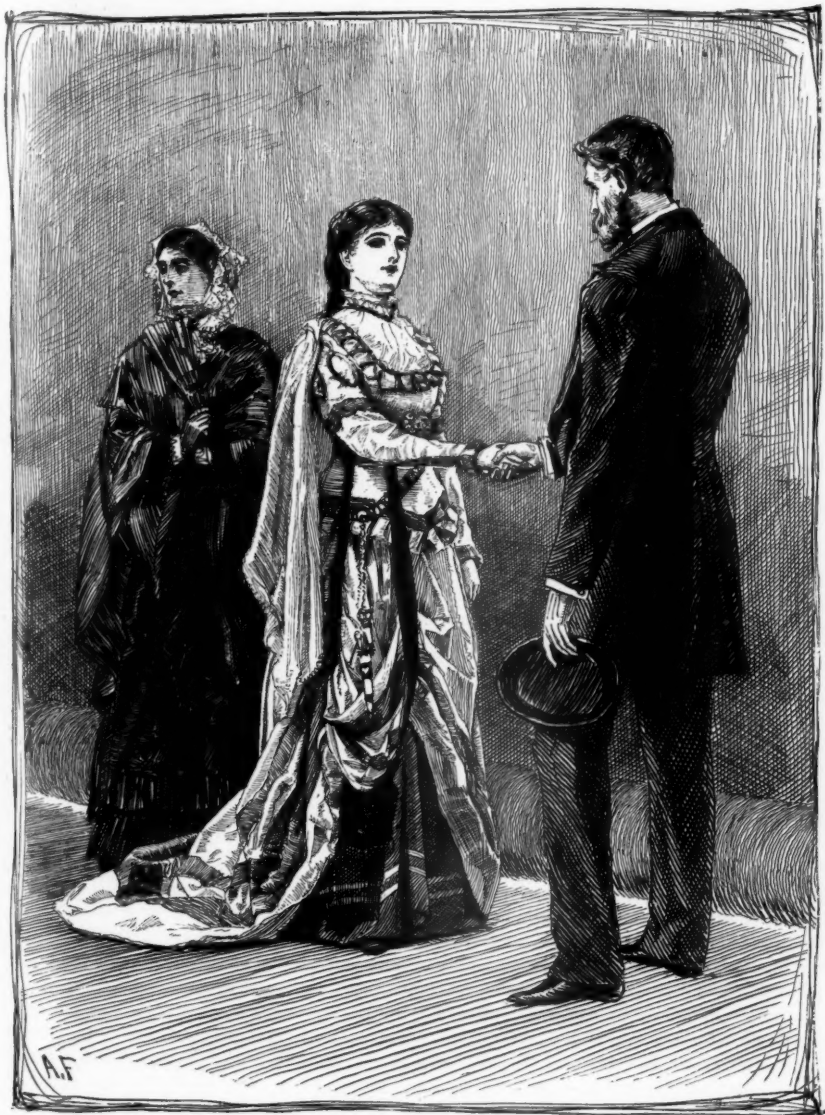
She dropped her eyes. "I—believe—I have heard his name," she said.

Bellingham said no more; he felt dismayed and bewildered. Undoubtedly there was some unpleasant mystery about this fellow Randolph. "Heard his name," indeed! Had not the man been in her company five minutes ago?

"I saw you at the opera last night," remarked the *prima donna*, recovering herself. Bellingham merely nodded. "Were you disappointed?" she asked, falteringly.

"No, I was like the rest of the audience," he replied in a dry tone.

"You are not like the rest of the audience to me," she said. "Ever since the first night. I have sung to you. I wouldn't tell you, only—I thought you knew it!"



"Thank you," she said; "and thank you for these flowers. I feel made over new!
Now I can sing!" (See page 320.)

"I know nothing about you," returned Bellingham roughly.

"You speak as if you didn't care to know anything," she said, holding up her head.

Bellingham controlled his rising temper. A weaker man would have protected himself by irony or sarcasm, but he said exactly what he thought. "I care more about what

concerns you," he said, "than about anything else. But I will not look away when I am being deceived. You and this Randolph are both pretending to be strangers to each other. I saw him come out of this room just before I came into it. Do you deny that he was here?"

"He was here," answered she, turning pale.

"There is only one other question; are you going to marry him?"

This was so unexpected that she laughed. It was a nervous, almost hysterical laugh, it is true; but Bellingham naturally did not understand it. "I am not going to marry Mr. Randolph," said the *prima donna*, with a heart-broken sense of humor.

"And you will not tell me what your relations are with him?"

"No; they are very peculiar relations," she replied lightly, for she was getting desperate. "You must think what you please—think the worst you can, it makes no difference. I will tell you nothing!"

Bellingham gazed at her fixedly. "I cannot believe that you are a wicked woman," he exclaimed at length. "I don't know how to believe it! Why did you deceive me? I was ready to take it for granted that you were—like other women on the stage. But you made me believe you were pure and innocent. No woman ever acted innocence before as you have done it. You look like innocence incarnate at this moment—at the actual moment you are admitting. . . . What is it you want? I would have asked you to marry me—as soon as I had persuaded myself you loved me. I loved you with all my heart and soul. Did you merely intend to lead me on and then refuse me, like a common flirt? Or would you have married me, and still kept up your relations with—well, I can't talk about it! There is always some motive even in the lightest wickedness; but I can see none in yours—and yours is not light!"

Mlle. Marana was standing erect, twisting her lace handkerchief between her hands, her face pale, her eyes wide open, tearless, full of restless light. She never looked at him; it seemed physically impossible for her to do so.

"I have never been spoken to like this,"

she said, in a faint, panting voice; "will you leave me, please?—will you leave me?"

Bellingham moved to depart; but he stopped, and turned back.

"I have always meant never to be unjust to any human being," said he. "It is possible that the very love I felt for you may have made me unjust to you. If you can tell me that there is nothing disgraceful in this secret of yours—tell me, for God's sake! Are you what you seem, or something else?"

"I am not what I seem!" she cried out passionately; and now she looked at him with a blaze of fierceness in her eyes. "You have doubted me, and that is enough; I will never explain—I will never forgive you! If you are a man, do not stand there; go out!"

Bellingham was shaken to the bottom of his soul. The voice and manner with which her every word was uttered seemed to contradict the purport of the words themselves. Even yet he could not but believe her innocent. But there was nothing further for him to do or say. He went out.

He descended the stairs slowly and emerged into the street. It was the middle of the day; the avenue was comparatively deserted. A few carriages were taking their occupants home to luncheon. Bellingham stood on the curbstone, looking up and down, and vaguely wondering what he should do next. By and by it struck him that it would not make much difference which way he went. In no place in the world could he find what he had lost. It was nowhere; it had been annihilated. All that had made life delightful was gone from him, and he was left ironically behind. He had never really possessed it, even; it was a mirage—a phantom, which he had tried to grasp, and it had vanished. But the strangest part of the business—almost ludicrous—was, that he remained behind, standing here, alive and well, in the sunshine on Fifth Avenue!

He sauntered leisurely northward, toward the Park. Two or three times he passed some one he knew, and returned their greeting with a nod. But all the while he saw that lithe, erect figure, with her pale, lovely face, her eyes bright with pain or an-

ger, her white hands twisting her handkerchief. Could it be that she was depraved, false, heartless? Every stern word he had spoken had been echoed, as it were, by the exquisite sensitiveness of her beauty. If she were false, would she not have been true at that last moment—when nothing more was to be gained by deception—when to be sincere was essential to the enjoyment of the triumph her falsehood had gained her?

He reached the Park; there was still a vivid greenness in the grass, though the trees were rich with the splendor of autumn. He wandered along the curving paths, feeling no pleasure, but pain, in the quiet beauty that surrounded him. Keeping to the left, where there seemed to be fewer saunterers like himself, he found himself at last near the extreme northern limit. He ascended a little hill, and on its summit, beneath the golden shade of a group of trees, there was a space of leaf-strewn turf, on which he flung himself down. The rumble of the horse-cars on the avenue came faintly to his ears, and now and then the voices or laughter of people passing at a distance; the shadow of passing clouds drifted over him, and ever and anon a golden leaf detached itself from a bough above his head, and floated wavering earthward. But no one disturbed him, though he lay there all the afternoon, sometimes with his face buried on his arms, sometimes supporting his head upon his hand. He wondered what she had been doing since they parted. Had she been laughing over his discomfiture, and planning fresh enterprises?—It was not possible!

The sun went down, and the shadows of twilight rose. Bellingham looked toward the east, and saw the disk of the moon mount above the horizon, until the whole round sphere swung aloft, orange against the violet background. The evening was mild and still, but the lethargy which had fallen upon Bellingham began to be dispelled; he became restless and anxious. He could no longer stay where he was; he descended the little hill, crossed over to the avenue, and still going northwestward, came to the bank of the Hudson. The bank was high and steep; he clambered down it, and

found the remains of a decayed wooden pier, jutting out into the water. Upon the end of this he sat down, and the silent current swept and eddied past his feet. The sound of a clock striking somewhere caught his ear. This was the hour for her to arrive at the theatre. A little while longer, and she would be upon the stage. Would she look toward his seat, expecting to see him there? No, she would never expect him again! Would she miss him?

More than another hour passed away, and Bellingham sat so still, that one might have fancied he was asleep. But he was not asleep—he was thinking; and now his thoughts were becoming clearer and more consecutive than they had heretofore been. The moon had now soared high aloft, and stood silvery bright above the sliding reaches of the river. All at once, Bellingham sprang to his feet. He pulled out his watch; there was yet time. He began hurriedly to climb the bank.

It had been borne in upon him, he knew not how, with a sudden, overwhelming conviction, that she was not guilty, but pure and true; that the mystery was an innocent one; that all would be well, if he could but see her and speak to her. It was possible for him to reach the theatre before she left it, but he must use diligence. He was somewhat faint from lack of nourishment during the day, but he ran on until he came to a station of the elevated railway. He entered a train, and was off. His heart was light and hopeful.

The train halted at a station near the rear of the theatre. As he got out, he saw that the performance was over, and the audience had dispersed. But she would not have left yet. No; there was her carriage waiting for her at the stage door.

He ran down the iron staircase, but, as he reached the bottom, he stopped. Mlle. Marana came out of the stage door, leaning upon the arm of a man—of Mr. Randolph. Mrs. Bemax followed, but entered the carriage first. Randolph appeared to exchange a few words with the *prima donna*; then she turned and put her foot on the carriage step.

But, as if swayed by a sudden and uncontrollable impulse, she turned again, and

threw her arms about Randolph's neck, and kissed him again and again. Bellingham saw this and then he faced about, and mounted the iron stairs once more, while a

mocking voice in his heart seemed to ask, "Are you satisfied now?"

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

[To be Continued.]

ROMANCES.

FROM THE SPANISH OF GUSTAVO BECQUER.

I.

I dare behold thee asleep,
Awake, I tremble and weep;
So, life of my life, let me watch thee,
While thou art asleep, asleep!

I press my hand on my heart,
So wild are its beatings and deep,
Lest they trouble the peace of midnight,
Where thou art asleep, asleep!

I draw thy shutters close,
And nightly my watch I keep,
Lest the dawn too early should wake thee,
When thou art asleep, asleep!

II.

A tear was in her eye,
But the tear was not shed;
A word was on my lip,
But the word was not said.

Why did we meet and part,
So near that day, and dear?
Why was the word not said?
And why not shed the tear?

III.

The vision of thine eyes
Is ever in my mind,
Like the glory of the sun
In the memory of the blind.

Wherever I may go,
Lo! thou hast gone before;
I do not find thee there,
Only thine eyes—no more!

They guide me to my room,
 They light me to my bed;
 I feel them in my sleep
 Still watching o'er my head!

Marsh-fires that nightly lead
 The wanderer to his home;
 So do thine eyes beguile—
 I know not to what tomb!

IV.

That she is proud, capricious, void of worth,
 I know, who long have suffered from her art;
 Sooner shall water from a rock break forth
 Than feeling from her heart.

Woo her who will, her heart is still her own,
 Love seeks, but finds no answering fibre there;
 Inanimate she is—a thing of stone—
 But oh, so fair, so fair!

V.

As in an open volume,
 I read your deep, deep eyes;
 Why frame, then, shallow stories
 Which every glance belies?

That you a little loved me
 Be not ashamed to say;
 If a man weeps (*I am weeping*),
 Be sure a woman may!

VI.

I sat on the edge of the bed,
 Where the lamp-light could not fall;
 Silent, as though I were dead,
 With blank eyes fixed on the wall!

I sat on my bed alone,
 Till the long, dark night was done,
 And in at the window shone
 The insolent light of the sun!

What terrible, nameless woe,
 What memories over me rolled,
 I know not; I only know
 I grew in that one night—old!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

A LOG OF THE "ATALANTA."

' Now leave thy couch of eider-down
And silken canopies,
Thy sceptre and thy jeweled crown,
And cross the raging seas,'
The Sailor spoke. Canute replied,
' Excuse me, if you Please.'

' I'll take my couch of eider-down
And silken canopies,
My sceptre and my jeweled crown,
And cross the raging seas.
And you may add my royal robe
And all conveniencies.'

' But should Great Neptune haply frown
And sudden death thee bring,
Of what avail thy robe and crown ?'
Loud laughed he, answering :
' What then ! I'll die full comfortably
And every inch a King.'"

From the Ballad of King Canute.

"IN the Youth of the World, when Jason would go forth from Thessaly in search of the Golden Fleece, which some Scoliasts have considered not forsooth a veritable Fleece of Gold, but as put for the Spirit of unrest and adventure which animated him, he ordered Argo, the son of Arestor, to build him a Pentecontoros, that is, a Galley of fifty oars. Not since the Days of Deucalion and Pyrrha, from whom Jason was descended, had there been seen a Ship of such size and magnificence. Pallas herself helped to lay the Keel, and she wrought in the prow of it a piece of wood from the Talking Oaks of her grove at Dodona, which had been a rafter in the Royal Hall of Pelias. As soon as the Fame of the Expedition was spread abroad, a glorious Company of Heroes hastened at the call of Jason to share in the peril and glory of the Adventure. Of the Sons of the Gods most renowned in ancient story few were wanting from the thwarts of the Argo when she was ready to depart. . . . There were fifty in all of these and one Woman. She was Atalanta. She alone, of all her Sex, was held worthy to be the companion of Heroes. None could gainsay her Descent* that it was from Neptune; or her Courage, since

she had slain the Centaurs and won the Prize in wrestling from Peleus. She shone among the rowers like a Goddess. Her Eyes were gray as Clouds that have caught the Sun in their meshes, and her Hair of that golden Hue which the same Clouds do wear when their Prisoner has escaped and leaves them darkening in the western Sky. Fleeter was she than the breath of Æolus, and her Beauty was perfect to all beholders.

"When all had entered the Ship Typhs the Steersman took the helm, and Jason, standing beside Argo, the Builder, on the lofty prow, poured out a Libation to the Winds, the Seas, the Days, the Nights and the Fate presiding over their return. The Olympian Deities were appeased, and while Neptune sent them a favoring Breeze from the west, great Jove confirmed the Omen by rolling Thunder and flashing Lightning. Then the People shouted, and the Nymphs of Pelion, and Cheiron, from his rocky Cave, cheered the Voyagers, and the hollow Ship itself also almost spoke, sending for an answering voice of Farewell."

"What became of Atalanta?" some one here asked.

"She became the bride of the sea," the reader replied, and then continued thus:

* Atalanta (the Enduring) was the daughter of Jasion and Clymene. Jasion was the son of Kratos and Phronia (Force and Prudence). Jasion had also a son named Plutus, whom Homer personifies as Wealth. But through her mother, Clymene, the daughter of Minyas, King of Orchomenus, Atalanta's descent was direct from Neptune. Minyas was the son of Chryses (Gold), whose

mother was Chrysogenia, the wife of Neptune. "The genealogy of Minyas thus glitters with names which express the traditional opinion of his opulence. He was the first of the ancient Greeks to build a treasure-house, which the traveler Pausanius compares to those of the Egyptian Thebes."—*Thirlwall's History of Greece*, vol. 1, p. 92.

"Atalanta having returned in safety to Arcadia, after Jason had found the Golden Fleece, was sought by many Suitors. To every one who came she announced that she was only to be won by the Swiftest. Having surpassed many she was at last overcome by Hippomenes assisted by Aphrodite. That Goddess, mindful of her origin from the foam of the Sea, and prevailed upon by the prayers of Hippomenes, who was the great-grandson of Neptune, gave the youth three golden Apples.

"These he threw, one by one, before the Maid in the race; and she, tempted by the shining fruit, stooped to put them in her bosom, forgetful of her goal. Thus Hippomenes conquered her, because she was a woman, by a golden Lure, and she, for the same reason, rejoiced in her defeat."

"As Mother Eve, so Atalanta fell,

The apples tempted and a race was lost,"

concluded the Log-keeper as he closed the ancient volume from which he had been reading.

"Is that from your old author?" asked the Master, with one of his rare smiles. There being no ladies present, the reader confessed to the interpolated couplet and the conversation became general.

"I don't see that the ship could have been better named," remarked the First Builder, who sat opposite the Master at the dining-table. "And may Atalanta the Second never meet with her Hip—"

"Pomenes," supplied the Second Builder over a libation of Château Lafitte. "They gave us a good send-off at Port Richmond," he continued, "the great original Argonautic combination couldn't have had a better one. The people shouted from the wharf and the nymphs—I mean the Quakeresses—waved their handkerchiefs—"

"While the Commander thundered from the bridge," interjected the Third Builder.

"That was a narrow escape from an accident," when the tide drove us against the 'Alameda,' said the Master. But I think," he added, turning to the Log-keeper, "you may safely put it down that the omens at our sailing were propitious."

While the Log-keeper was making this entry he had time to arrange some impressions of his surroundings.

Close observation only invested with imagination would, if he had been ignorant of the fact, have enabled him to realize that the room in which the company sat was the main saloon of a yacht. For save an occasional musical shiver of the wine-glasses on the table, in sympathy with the throbbing of the screw or the glimpse of a passing sail through the oval ports, with its shadow moving in the opposite mirror, nothing indicated a rapid progress down the Delaware to the sea. The room was twenty-one feet long and as wide as the yacht itself. Its prevailing tone was gray deepening to olive around the portieres. But at this time it was shot through with fugitive gleams of color from the skylight of stained glass overhead and presented the aspect of a splendid oriental interior. To this effect, doubtless, the table glittering with cut-glass and silver, the fragrance of heaped-up flowers and the mingled aroma of mocha and havanas all contributed. Its sides were not wainscoted but continued in oak to the massive beams that supported the ceiling. Between panels of raised chequerwork Swiss carvers had wrought the oaken counterfeit of flower and leaf, under whose embroidery one discovered the flight of all manner of birds and the gambols of animals relieved upon the polished surface of the wood. An India mat warmed the centre of the floor, which was of oak, with a border of the same wood inlaid with sycamore and mahogany. The designs in the panels were repeated in the woodwork of the furniture. China cases and buffets were heavy with silver and porcelain upon their velvet-lined shelves. The finest tapestry covered the sofas and chairs whose ample spaces invited repose. The hangings of the ports and the doors on opposite sides of this room were of the same rich material. Drawn aside with silken cords they permitted glimpses of a vestibule and staircase with apartments leading out from them vivid with the natural lights of oak, sycamore, cedar and ash, or shaded with the darker tones of mahogany, butternut and California laurel. The Master's room adjoining was ceiled and paneled in mahogany, and from the carved couch set in a recess cushioned on its three sides with pink satin and over-



THE "ATALANTA" AT ANCHOR IN TAPPAN ZEE.

hung with tapestry displaying a gold and silver thread, to the high wardrobe near it, one of whose mirrors swinging on a secret hinge concealed another room beyond sweet with cedar woods and lighted by a side port, it was altogether a paradise of dainty devices. Electric lights in globes of ground glass swung over a centre-table of massive mahogany. The steam coil was surmounted by an onyx top. An inkstand on the open desk of the *escritoire* fitted into a silver tray, and around the crystal cylinder by some art of the glass-blower the word "Atalanta" had been led in letters of seaweed and grasses linked with little shells.

In a recess between the vestibule and this room stood an upright piano in a carved

oaken case. From a central panel a jay-bird leaned, resting on a branch bent to the curves of the seventh letter of the alphabet. Beneath this monogram, and on either side of the key-board, two Tyrolean travelers could be seen, the maid wearing a sash thrown loosely over one shoulder and the youth supporting her, and carrying a satchel in a weary hand. The ormolu clock over the piano, whose curved hands traversed a circle of interlaced anchors upon a background of leaping waves, rang out a mellow chime. It did not startle the poor travelers. But the Master heard it and looked at his watch. "Six o'clock," he said. "We must be nearing Chester. How many revolutions do you make it?"

The Log-keeper, thus addressed, replied at a venture: "A hundred millions," and was discomfited with the laughter that ensued. Recalled to himself he began to count the regular pulse of the screw. "One hundred, sir."

"About sixteen knots an hour," said the

Second Builder, with a satisfied glance at his brother.

"She will do the ocean voyage in eight days," the latter replied.

"Or less," laconically answered the third brother, blowing a wreath of smoke into the air.

A pleased expression stole over the Master's face. In another it might have given voice in some boisterous exclamation, but in him satisfaction apparently found another vent, for he said nothing, but leaned back in his arm-chair and twirled his eyeglasses idly in one hand.

Some one had asked him between the courses, more with the air of imparting information than requiring it, if the "Atalanta" was not his first large steamship?" "I think not," he had replied. Then, as if recalling the fact from some remote limbo of memory, he had added, with whimsical candor, "I believe it is the twenty-first."

Eight covers had been laid at the great oaken dining-table, capable, when extended, of seating thirty persons with ease. The Master's Son occupied a chair on the left. The remaining places were occupied by a Vice-president, an Engineer, the Three Builders and the Log-keeper. The former

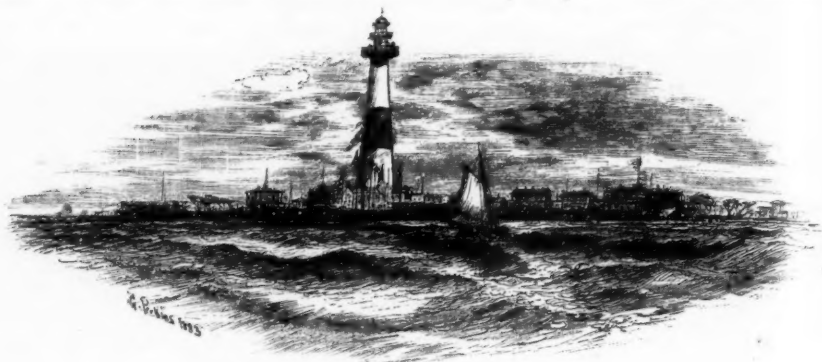
was animated, witty and observing. He had a wealth of humorous anecdote at his command, and was generous to a fault in its use. The Engineer was much in request in matters mathematical, and his knowledge on these and kindred subjects was as profound as was the ignorance of the Log-keeper, though scarcely so marked and appealing. The three Builders before quoted completed the company. They were brothers and divided the whole kingdom of ship-building into three fraternal and equal provinces, in which each reigned an autocrat.

The one who laid the keel knew to an ounce the breaking strain of the iron in every section, but he was scrupulously uninstructed in the frame upon which it rested. Here the knowledge of the Second Builder began, and extended to the enumeration of the millionth rivet, stopping short in his turn at the interior fittings, a department where the Third Builder was entirely at home. Their mutual regard for each other's judgment and continual reference of disputed points to a proper authority was charming to witness on this cruise.

And, though frequently assailed, this knowledge in combination proved impreg-



IN THE MAIN SALOON.



ABSECOM BEACH AND ATLANTIC CITY.

nable. The discussion turned on a question of the "Atalanta's" age.

"You are right. The keel was laid on the 10th of December," said the Third Builder.

"And we made one trial-trip on the 9th of June," added the Second.

"With 125 revolutions to the minute," said the Master, with a humorous glance at the last speaker.

"I must tell you a little by-play I witnessed in the engine-room on that trip," he continued. "Our friend here was hanging anxiously over the indicator when the screw was making 90 revolutions by the Engineer's chronometer. He smiled a rather forced smile, I thought, and scratched a match to light his cigar. At 95 he bit off the end—the butt, by the way—and got the match near his face just as the screw touched par—I mean 100 revolutions. Then his match went out. At 105 he bit off the other end, and when the Engineer crowded on more steam, and the screw crept up to 110, he was scratching away at the sides of the engine-room trying to ignite his nickel match-safe. All this time his eyes were divided in their observation between the chronometer and the indicator. The latter registered 115 when he discovered the condition of his cigar, and hastily substituted another from his pocket, this time without biting off either end. Then came the funny part of the performance. He lit half a dozen matches, one after the other,

and held them at arm's length each time until they burned down to his fingers, puffing away meanwhile with the greatest apparent enjoyment. As the screw struck 125, his ship making fifteen feet at every whirl, he heaved a great sigh of satisfaction, muttered as if to himself, "She'll do," and pitched his unlighted cigar, matches, safe and all, over the bulwarks. Then he walked out of the engine-room, and I don't believe he has missed that smoke to the present day."

After this story which the brothers agreed was eminently characteristic of the Second Builder, the dining-room was deserted for the upper deck. Here the exterior beauty and symmetry of the "Atalanta" were revealed on every side. The Commander was found in his room in the after part of the vessel overlooking some charts of the Delaware. This room, which was but twelve feet square, contained in that compass every conceivable comfort. Two lounges, one of them convertible into a bath-tub and the other into a bed at pleasure, occupied its opposite sides. A wardrobe and bookcase combined faced the door which lead out on the deck. There were electric globes for lighting, and a diminutive steam coil for heating purposes. Besides charts, maps and nautical instruments neatly arranged behind glass doors, it appeared from the book-shelves that the Commander read Lecky and was at home with Darwin and Spencer. He had as much of the soldier's as the sailor's bear-

ing. His face was weather-beaten, not to ruggedness, but a hue approaching bronze and altogether becoming. The Commander was born at Eastport, Maine, and his association with the sea and sea-going vessels had been lifelong. With a thorough and impartial courtesy he joined a fine reserve of dignity, acquired perhaps by contact with the quarter-deck, but remotely suggestive of his New England origin.

The favorite place for a promenade observation during the cruise was the bridge, an inclosed space about thirty feet long and twelve feet wide, just forward of the pilot-house. From this elevation the prospect grew even more extensive and beautiful. The "Atalanta" had left Philadelphia that afternoon, at five o'clock and ten minutes, with an ebb tide and light winds. Following the widening clue of the river she had crept out of a moving labyrinth of masts and spars, run the gauntlet of greeting and farewell in every key from the bass of steam to the treble of humanity massed upon the frequent piers,

"And midmost now of a green, sunny bay
We heard no sound but washing of the seas
And piping of the following western breeze."

The course was S.W. by S. Chester with its ship-yards and foundries was already dim against the horizon. In the midst of gardens and peach orchards Wilmington shone like a jewel upon the outstretched forefinger of the western shore. A blur of red in a swirl of smoke and the houses and factories of New Castle have receded from sight. From Bulkhead Shoal to Reedy Island, where a lighthouse shone white above a

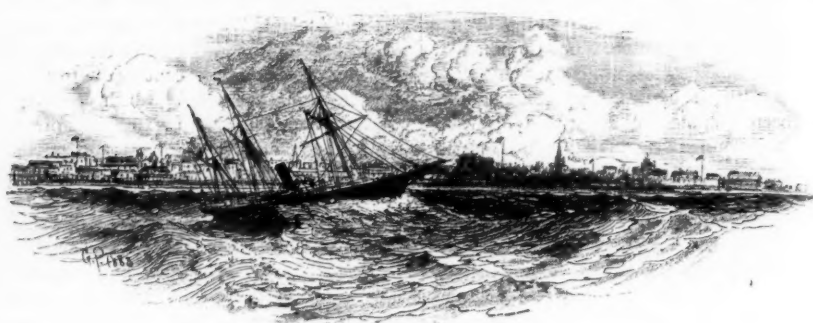
sand-spit ribboned with green water-grasses, the "Atalanta" had increased her speed.

But her motion was still so stealthy as scarcely to be marked except by the freshening wind and the sternward chase of the volatile channel buoys. As the arms of the bay opened and embraced an ampler and serener expanse of sea, the land lapsed into shadow. The stillness grew more profound. The sun, an orb of fire that had been quivering on the farthest verge of the sky, halted for one breathless moment, then plunged downward, and the waves came up, red and angry, where it sank. The splendor spread into the clouds, and for a while we seemed to move between two seas, the one overhead, of flame which burned hotly down the masts and around the close-furled sails; the other below, of glass broken at our bow into a mosaic of prismatic fragments. Then the pageant of color passed and left only the ashes of its former fires in the gray sky and grayer water.

To the watch of such of the foreign craft as were occasionally descried making into port at this time the "Atalanta" must have presented a suspicious, almost piratical, outline in the waning light. Several noteworthy features in her build and finish contributed to this appearance. Her long and rakish run, the keel rising in a fine curve to the forefoot and rounding aft to an ellipse with a considerable overhang in the stern; the slant of her smoke-stack in line with the rake of her three masts (for she was schooner-rigged, with standing gaffs and lug-sails) and the unusual size and number of her boats, including a steam-launch, a



BARNEGÁT LIGHT.



OFF OCEAN GROVE.

dingey, a six-oared cutter and a whale-boat ; the dead rise and finish of her decks, unbroken from knight-head to taffrail, except by a steam-capstan windlass forward, a long narrow house extending amidships eighty feet, and by the necessary companion-ways and skylights ; the superior height and richness of her mahogany bulwarks, and, finally, the blackness of her hull and the ensign at her topmast—a white Maltese cross on a blue field bordered with red.

So much of the "Atalanta" could not be discerned by the single eye of a lantern swinging in her forward rigging or the glimmer from her engine-room amidships. But when we were nearing the anchorage the electrician completed the circuit, and, as if by enchantment, her full lines were revealed in the soft radiance of a hundred electric lights. Thence to our anchorage,

"We moved,
Under the moonless sky, a mimic firmament,
And in the mirrored deep saw our own galaxies
Outshining heaven's."

The Master was most enthusiastic in praise of this method of illumination. "It must supersede every other," he said, as the light was turned off or on at will in the Social Hall.

Outside the wind blew damp and fresh from the Breakwater, but this cosy room, devoted to the smoker or the reader, was a picture of warmth and comfort. The ceilings and sides were paneled with bird's-eye maple relieved by moldings of mahogany ; a semicircle of eight windows hung with dark velvet curtains afforded an uninterrupted

view of our course over the vessel's bow. Sofas and chairs were covered with figured tapestry. An inlaid chess-table occupied one corner and a high bookcase stood between the opposite doors that led out on the deck. The "Atalanta's" library had evidently been selected with much care and judgment. The world of travel could be seen through the American spectacles of Messrs. Prime, Lathrop, Field, Howells, Benjamin and Curtis, with contributions to the same study by Darwin, Du Chaillu and others. The place of honor was held by an edition of Rolfe's Shakespeare in fine morocco binding. A set of Morley's "English Men of Letters" filled the next shelf. Over against the philosophy of Lecky and our Draper were set the romances of Scott, Dickens, George Eliot and Black, in the handiest of volumes, while a foundation of history was laid in the lower shelves by the works of Carlyle, Motley and McCarthy. The poets were conspicuous by their absence, but whether chance or prevision determined this was not discovered. It was eight o'clock and thirty-five minutes when a long, straight call from the boatswain's whistle summoned the crew forward to cast off the anchor. The screw ceased to turn, the breeze died away and the water came with a stringent swash against the vessel's sides.

The anchorage was a little N.W. from the neck of the bay. Over the southern quarter the light of Cape Henlopen shone with a fixed brilliancy. Cape May light, revolving at the opposite entrance of the bay, showed a flash every eighty seconds.

With a glass its black tapering bulk could be plainly seen against an illuminated veil of mist.

"It looks like a gigantic windmill grinding some devil's grist on the night's Plutonian shore," said one of the company. "You can see its white sail-clad arms beating the air.

"No," said another, "it is the ghost of a giant, putting off his shroud to swim to his ghostly fellow on the opposite cape."

"Polyphemus, rather," imagined the third. "The one-eyed, who was left by the Argo on the Mysian shore. See, he knows the Argonauts and 'Atalanta,' and beckons to us with his outstretched hands."

"Your imagination is all at fault, gentlemen," said the Master, "leading the way below for the night, 'and does the beacon great injustice. It is a good lighthouse, and it is just eighty feet high.'"

II.

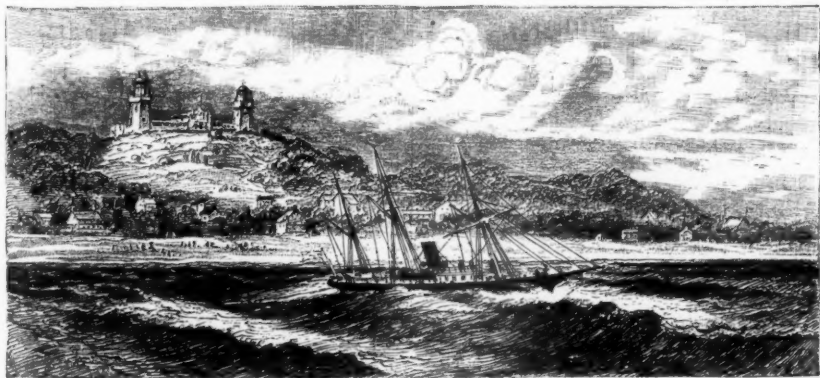
"What sport doth yield a more pleasing content with less hurt or charge than crossing the sweet air from isle to isle over the silent streams of a calm sea."

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, *Discovery of New England.*

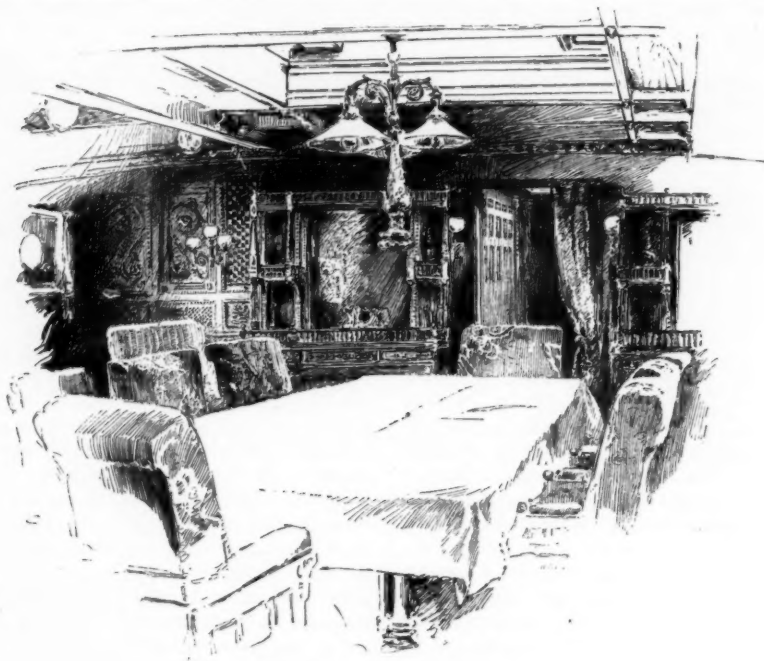
From the thumb of Cape May to where the New Jersey coast thrusts out a dainty foot into Raritan bay, shod in a sand slipper, and fastened at The Hook with a diamond buckle, the distance is only 100 miles. That which intervenes might be called the Republic of the Beaches. They are twenty in number and bound together with ropes of sand, slender but indissoluble. All this territory is disputed. It is determined by boundaries hardly more fixed than the horizon which it faces. The ocean is its greatest enemy. Year by year the floods invade and with their white horses and scythed chariots override and overwhelm it. But the shore is a non-combatant. It retreats and doubles and feigns, but it never comes wholly under the foreign yoke. The sea

has an able ally in the bays. Here and there the two forces are united by means of inlets. There is a chain of these from the Cape to Matasquan. They have made an archipelago out of the lowland provinces which they have conquered and cut off from the beaches.

On the map these salt lagoons look like magnified blood corpuscles or snow crystals. Out at sea, with the glass upon them, you are gazing through a kaleidoscope. The tyrannical tides are continually at work adding to one boundary and taking from another, so that their value, singly and in combination, is never the same. But the sun illuminating these lagoons works the greatest transformations with their little islands. During the day they are diamonds glitter-



OFF THE HIGHLAND LIGHT.



AROUND THE DINING-TABLE.

ing in the sheen of the sea. As it wanes they are sapphires, amethysts, emeralds, carbuncles, all manner of splendid and precious stones. At the last they are turned one and all into pearls. These the sun, like another Cleopatra, dissolves in the golden chalice of the sky, drains it and dies alone on the far-off western shore.

All the next day, with a southerly wind and under a clear sky, the "Atalanta" held her course along this coast a league from its innermost breaker. Her company sat on the bridge and regarded the scenery as though the marine masterpieces that we passed had been newly painted and were on exhibition for the first time. On doubling Cape May at 6:34 A. M., it was evident that the fame of the "Atalanta" had outrun her. The hotel piazzas of Cape May City even at that early hour were sprinkled with spectators, who followed our progress with glasses. A few miles from the Breakwater we passed a Danish steamer on her way in to Philadelphia. Compliments were ex-

changed between the vessels by thrice-repeated blowings of whistles and the dipping of colors. Both of these operations were renewed at frequent intervals along our course. Atlantic City and Absecom Beach, the Coney Island of Philadelphia, with its hotels and pavilions, were passed at ten o'clock.

About midday the Master's son discovered a porpoise bearing us company, and the sight was sufficiently novel to draw all eyes.

He swam, not as an eagle flies with a rapt repression, but with the *abandon* of a swallow in pure delight and exuberance of motion. His tail made two hundred revolutions to the minute, the Second Builder said, and when he arched his broad back he went in ellipses like a caterpillar, to compare the swift with the slow.

He maintained his speed with ours for miles, blowing a little from a hole back of the pectoral fin. Not from fatigue, for being joined by a playmate they added a few

more revolutions to their propellers and soon left us behind. Some utilitarian, wondering whether the porpoise was convertible into currency, was informed by the Commander that in Maine, where they are found in schools of several hundred, the Indians shoot and spear them from canoes; and that a three-hundred-pound porpoise could be converted into six gallons of valuable lubricating oil.

Barnegat (German, Barendegat—dangerous breaker) Light was passed at 12:33 P. M. It stands at the northern extremity of Long Beach, rising like an elongated pepper-box out of a shining sand-castor. It sentinels the most perilous coast between Cape May and Cape Hatteras. Its flash can be seen revolving at a distance of thirty miles. It was built in 1848 to take the place of an older one whose site is now many hundred yards out at sea. A large hotel south of the inlet is threatened with a like engulfing. During the last season three hundred yards of its beach was washed away by high irresistible tides. Bulkheads of sand-bags are insufficient to stay this destruction, and a jetty is now building in the expectation that easterly winds and the current from the inlet will form an eddy and gradually reconstruct its natural barriers of sand.

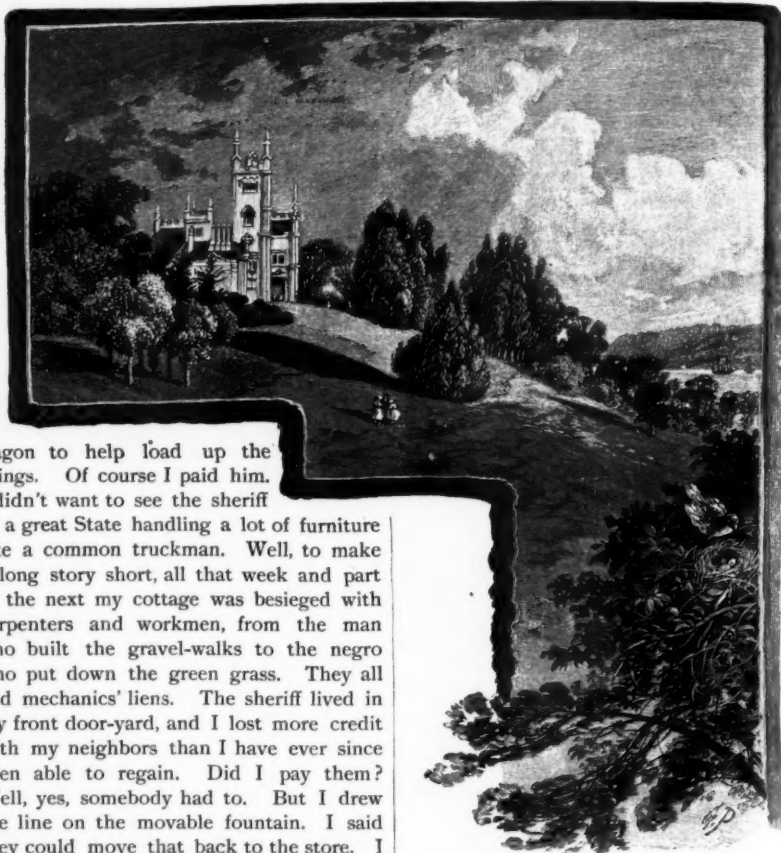
Great Bay and the inlets below swarm with fish, and as we passed this part of the coast the sails of the fishing-boats hung like moths on the verge of the sky.

A small steamer, drawing its nets some distance from Island Beach, drew out some interesting facts among the best informed of the company. It appeared that this vessel was only one of a well-organized fleet, numbering a hundred or more, which during the season, along the coasts, took tons of small fish in this way, ostensibly for their oil. The fishermen had complained of its operations as calculated to drive away the bluefish and other edible fish from their feeding-grounds, and a government commission was then in session examining the extent of the evil. "The grievances are real," said one "and such wholesale slaughter of young fish has already seriously affected an important industry. The government, however, cannot prevent it in the

present state of its treaties with other countries. These permit fishing by all within three marine leagues of our coast. Special laws passed by New Jersey and some of the Eastern States for the protection of its citizens have been declared unconstitutional and void."

"In this statement it looks as though the fishermen were in bad straits," said another. "They are," was the reply, "and on this coast have taken the law into their own hands and fired on steamers like this one compelling them to beat a hasty retreat." We passed Ocean Grove, Asbury Park, Elberon, Long Branch, with the firing of salutes, the dipping of flags, and multiplied acknowledgments extending to faintly-heard cheers from the most enthusiastic inhabitants of these summer cities. "It would be safe to say," said the Master to the Log-keeper, surveying the Ocean Pier through his glass, "that the entire Jersey coast from Cape May to Seabright was dotted with American freemen to witness the 'Atalanta's' progress."

"I bought a cottage over there once," he remarked, as we sighted a cluster of toy villas close to the shore. It was of the Queen Anne order, furnished, even to the cricket on the hearth, the builder who sold it to me asserted. The plumbing was especially perfect. It had, in addition, all the modern improvements; hot and cold water, gas, stables, graveled walks, and the green grass kept growing all around by a movable fountain where a fine rainbow played, for two cents an hour, I think. The lawyers said the title was perfect. The deeds were passed and I entered into possession on Monday. Tuesday, a New Jersey plumber presented a bill for his work and the improved fixtures. I naturally told him it was all paid for with the house, and showed him my deeds. He displayed a mechanics' lien which the builder had given him. I refused to pay, and he came at me with a sheriff. I saw his sheriff and—well, I paid. Wednesday, the gas-fixture man came. He brought his sheriff and went away with his money. Thursday brought the furniture dealer. He had been informed that I had refused to pay any more liens on the house, and he carried the sheriff in his



LYNDHURST, THE MASTER'S HOUSE, IRVINGTON.

wagon to help load up the things. Of course I paid him. I didn't want to see the sheriff of a great State handling a lot of furniture like a common truckman. Well, to make a long story short, all that week and part of the next my cottage was besieged with carpenters and workmen, from the man who built the gravel-walks to the negro who put down the green grass. They all had mechanics' liens. The sheriff lived in my front door-yard, and I lost more credit with my neighbors than I have ever since been able to regain. Did I pay them? Well, yes, somebody had to. But I drew the line on the movable fountain. I said they could move that back to the store. I didn't like its shape; I wanted a different make in fountains. So the sheriff took it away. And that is one reason I suppose," the Master concluded, musingly, "why my green grass all got gray and died in the next two days."

Off Seabright the "Atalanta" passed two New York excursion steamers at anchor. Their crowded decks, both upper and lower, displayed fishermen in every position, but each one having his own line, so that the boats seemed to be hung with a tangle of nets. The strains of a popular melody, played upon a steam instrument termed a calliope, followed us until we had reached Navesink Highlands.

We passed Sandy Hook Lighthouse at 3:30 P. M., the Battery an hour and ten min-

utes later, and continued on our course accompanied by diverse and discordant greetings from steam and sailing vessels as far as Manhattanville. Here the river ceased to be troubled by ungainly harbor craft. The sails of sloops and schooners were spread white to the declining sun, and the western shore fell into tranquil shadows under the cliffs of the Palisades. At 6:14 P. M. we were off Yonkers, where the "Atalanta" was welcomed with salutes and cheers from the piazzas of some of the houses in the town on the hills beyond. "That is Grey-stone," said the Master, indicating one of the largest of these; "the owner informed me yesterday that he should be on the

watch for our passing." The trees about this stately building had been cut away just enough to make a narrow vista to the river. As we came opposite this leafy aisle we had a momentary glimpse of a company on the piazza. A handkerchief was waved vigorously, and we knew that the "Atalanta" had not passed Greystone unnoticed. At 6:44 we came into the Tappan Zee, where the Hudson broadened into a bay. Our anchorage was made at 7 P. M. in four fathoms of water and in line with Low Point and the spire of a church in Tarrytown. The gig was lowered, and the Master and some of his guests taken ashore.

Those who remained on the "Atalanta"* found in the scene many contrasts to that offered by our anchorage of the night before in the Delaware Breakwater. The Hudson at this point is over three miles wide. The lights of four towns, Irvington, Piermont, Tarrytown and Nyack, answered to those which twinkled from our ports. The nearer eastern hills were low and abrupt, adorned with summer villas, of which the grounds reached down to the water's edge. On the opposite, side their slopes were more gradual, but the hills attained greater heights, about which light

clouds clung in lazy incoherence. A steam yacht almost as large as the "Atalanta" was anchored on our southern quarter. Sunnyside, the home of Washington Irving, was within sight. With its low veranda and quaint Dutch gables overgrown with ivy it realizes the Castle of Baltus van Tassel as described by Irving in the legend of Sleepy Hollow. On the next high bluff below stands Lyndhurst, the residence of the Master. In the dim tranquility of early evening the lofty tower, dominating over walls of gray pierced by narrow windows, gave it the appearance of a Gothic abbey. In making up his log of the voyage from Port Richmond on the Delaware to Lyndhurst on the Hudson, some verse crept into the Log-keeper's notes. One of the three Builders whose musical utility was often displayed at the piano in the main saloon, advised that it be set to music and kept for the long voyage. "For no one can tell," he said, "when that which is apparently of the least value on board of a ship will suddenly come into play and be of service." And so the Log of the "Atalanta" is rounded with a song.

CHARLES HULL BOTSFORD.

*"Atalanta," the largest steam-yacht afloat, was built by the firm of William Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia. Her keel was laid December 10, 1882. The trial-trip on the Delaware was made June 9, 1883, and she was completed and delivered to her owner, Mr. Jay Gould, of New York, on the 23d of the same month. She is an iron vessel, 230 feet 3 inches long over all, 225 feet long upon deck, and 213 feet 3 inches on the water-line. Her extreme beam is 26 feet 4 inches, and her draught is 13 feet. She is propelled by a compound inverted, direct-acting, surface-condensing engine, with two cylinders, one of thirty and one of sixty inches in diameter, with thirty inches stroke of piston.

The engine is fitted with steam steering and reversing

gear and capstan-windlass, with an independent circulating-pump. This power is supplied by two cylindrical steel boilers, on which she carries 100 lbs. of steam to the square inch. These are 14×13.4 feet. Her indicated horse-power is 1,600.

The shaft is 10½ inches in diameter, and carries a four-bladed propeller of 10 feet diameter and 15 feet pitch. The guest-rooms, eight in number, owner's apartments, main saloon and cook's galley are forward, the officers' and crew's quarters beginning aft of the engine-rooms, and accommodating fifty men.

She is commanded by Captain J. W. Shackford, formerly of the National Line, and carries the ensign of the American Steam-Yacht Club.



A SONG OF THE ATALANTA.

INTROD.

1. As the

foam from the lips of the sea, As the dart from the spur of the bow, When the

wind of the North run-neth free, When the quar-ry in fear fly-eth low, We

fol-low, we fol-low the gull, The gull and the gray-ling. Now

lost in the hol-low Of o--cean, now sail-ing With clouds to the

goal of the pole, To the goal of the pole and pre - vail - ing.

Chorus.

At - a - lan - ta, At - a - lan - ta, the swift, the en - dur - ing, Thy

beau - ty has won us, thy sub - jects are we, The

past is for - got - ten, the fu - ture al - luring, Ar -

ca - dia's realm is the ech - o - less, ech - o - less sea.

AUTUMN AND THE MUSE.

VERY neighborly and obliging are the four seasons, readily lending their effects to each other in a way most confusing to the careful annalist who tries to keep the score. It is to be presumed that, if an exact record were kept of all these lendings and borrowings, the account would be found to balance at the end of the year; meanwhile, it is a source of perplexity to see October occasionally wearing apple-blossoms in his crown, or December spreading over his rough tent-poles the ethereal canopy of June; to see April pretending to go asleep, wrapped in a cobweb coverlet borrowed from the Indian-summer sky, or merry May personating November, with a presence so chill and forbidding that all the courtiers tremble and forget their honeyed speeches. Long before the autumn is openly proclaimed I perceive its emissaries and diplomats are with us. At the very height of summer's supremacy there is secret defection; bribes have been given and taken; treason is brewing. Under its dull green cloak, the apple-tree hides a bright golden bough, that surely would win for its bearer the favor of Proserpine. In the deepest retired places of the woods sedition has been busy; that false-hearted tree, the pepperidge, has been transferring its allegiance to the enemy, strewing the dark mosses with its pied red and yellow leafage. No arts employed by summer, no spectacles intended to prove her power and prosperity, can make me forget the ominous handwriting I have seen in the forest temple. Also, when in August I find and taste that pleasant, quasi-tropical fruit, the mandrake apple (in the botany described as "slightly acid, mawkish, eaten by pigs and boys"), I seem to acquire additional knowledge of the plans and movements of autumn. It is always with some surprise that I mark the reappearance of the small floral star that moves in the front of the season; can it again be time for the aster? With the aster

the golden-rod. The two set out for a long ramble through the country. Their association is of mutual advantage, inasmuch as each affords a chromatic foil for the other.

The complementary colors are very gratifying to the eye; and it is certainly no wonder if they suggest the purple and gold of royalty.

"And like proud lovers bent
In regal courtesy, as kings might woo,
Tall golden-rods, bareheaded in the dew,
Above the asters leant."

Perhaps no other members of our native flora are so often celebrated by the native muse as these two autumn ramblers. Their comeliness and home-breeding ought sufficiently to endear them. Yet it is to be suspected there is something else which equally recommends them to our poets, namely, their musical and pictorial names. For instance, there is metrical suggestion in

Golden-rod and aster—

a smooth start for a trochaic verse; or, if you prefer the measure of "fatal facility," take this:

The aster and the golden-rod.

It is a matter of regret that the Eupatoriums have not more euphonious common names to entitle them to a place in the poet's flora. The beautiful *E. ageratoides*, powdering open woodlands as with early snow, deserves, but seldom, if ever, receives mention. As for boneset and joe-pye weed, they are out of the question while retaining these appellations. There is still more reason for regret that the iron-weed (*Vernonia*) has not a finer name, since it is one of the richest adornments of early autumn. Its sombre purple is a pleasing relief from the gaudy yellows of the season—a bit of Tyre in the prevailing Eldorado of color. Even in winter it has a beauty of its own, its cyme of silvery star-shaped calyxes being scarcely less noticeable than the "hoar plume of the golden-rod." Yet the aster and the golden-rod tribes must be the ones specially

beloved by Nature, for she makes their days long in the land—even longer than those of her spring-time favorites, the violet and the dandelion. As though she regretted having turned the tide of the season, and would now hold it from ebbing away, she determines

"To set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells."

The bees, indeed, make the most of the prolonged indulgence; and not only bees but flocks of white butterflies (like scattered petals of some white flower) collect on the golden-rod.

I miss the birds, and yet more I miss their songs, as the season advances; for such as still remain about the door-yards and trees are ordinarily quite silent.

"As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days,"

so do the feathered musicians of our acquaintance; the singing spirit has already migrated, or the vocalists seem to feel that they have exhausted their lyrical powers, and must take a vacation. So early there is suggestion of the old sentimental text respecting "last year's birds' nests." The last broods have been reared, and whole families are now gipsying in the fields and by the small streams, enjoying themselves irresponsibly, having laid aside domestic care. The robins, in particular, flock together as though holding a perpetual granger picnic. The rare whistle of a bluebird—a skyward and vanishing sound, lost like the bird's own color in the soft autumnal blue—affects us as a momentary revisitation of spring. Perhaps the most characteristic bird-note in these days is that of the goldfinch (*Chrysomitris tristis*). The *tristis* is a touch of poetic justice, since there could be nothing more pensive and haunting, and nothing more pleasing in its pensiveness, than this quivering aspen note, which may be likened to the sound produced on a whistle when the opening is repeatedly and rapidly stopped by the finger-tips. The goldfinch's movements in air are as though it were tossed along, now rising, now falling, with the swell and lapse of invisible

waves. Its notes are uttered at each downward inflection of flight, its wings then being brought close to its sides. Despite the naturalist's *tristis*, these jet-and-gold aristocrats among finches are a very jolly company. Their gay dress, to be sure, has begun to look somewhat dingy; but that's no matter! The seediness of autumn provides their harvest-home, which they mean to make the most of, tilting among the thistles and other rusty weed-tops.

Tell it not to the farmer, publish it not in his journal of agriculture—yet it is to be feared the oriole is no better than the "little foxes that spoil the vines." Perhaps, though, the evidence I once had does not argue his being a confirmed vineyard thief. Let us give him all the benefit of the doubt. There came a rush of wings; a streak of orange-colored flame settled in the vine over my head; sharp eyes peered this way and that; discovering nobody but me, who must have looked accompliceship, the adventurer quickly thrust his long bill into the plump grapes, probing one after another with all the deftness of a hummingbird rifling a honeysuckle. This winged, bright-eyed bacchant, drinking of the year's new wine—shall I forbid a creature like this and perhaps draw upon me the anger of its guardian deity? No; I will connive at the oriole's stolen enjoyment, even though I find suspicious puncturings in the grapes of more than one cluster. How do I know there was not intended and actual benevolence in slitting these purple-skinned wine-sacks—to the end that the bees might come by a little grape honey, without having to sting the fruit for themselves?

During the late summer and early autumn life and affairs at Chimneyburg are well worth observing. This village within a village, having a population loosely estimated at one-fourth that of the village itself, may be said to be a walled town, though on a small scale. Its houses are doubtless very densely built, with perhaps not the best advantages for lighting and ventilation, though it is true no health officer has investigated in this direction. Half the year Chimneyburg is a deserted village, the inhabitants going south in October and returning in May. During the summer occupancy it is

most of the day a very quiet place, the occupation of the citizens taking them outside the walls; but the evenings, between sunset and dusk, are given over to recreation and amusement. This is the time when the chimney-swifts (for so the walled-town tribe is called) hold a grand review or general training—an interesting sight when the young broods have joined the adults toward the end of summer. On their return at evening, the whole population, upward of five hundred (exact enumeration would be impossible) spend some time in food-gathering and promiscuous flight, after which they gradually collect in a circle or ellipse, having for its centre the old factory chimney. It is now the business of the flock to get into sleeping quarters. As all cannot enter at once, something like military strategem must be employed. Round and round goes the chirping, fluttering company, always being diminished where the inner rank approaches the chimney, the birds dropping through the opening by twos and threes, or so rapidly as not to be counted. They fall inertly, as in a vacuum. The motion of the circle may be compared to that of a maelstrom, its vortex at the chimney; or one is reminded of grain descending through a hopper. Sometimes a counter-current will be formed, and, before one is aware, the whole company will be moving in the opposite direction, perhaps to correct the giddiness acquired by circular movement. One would like to know how many revolutions had been made by those individuals last to retire. When it has grown too dusk for their motions to be easily followed, there are still a few wakeful swallows remaining outside. The very last of these darts hither and thither in a wide eccentric path, suggesting that it is an ecstasy of delight to find itself solitary and in full possession of the emptied air. One must be early if he would witness the morning exodus of these birds. Like corn from a popper, or like sparks and cinders from a chimney on fire, they dart into the daylight. It is perhaps as notable a sight as the flock of birds—whatever they were—that flew from Memnon's funeral pyre. Our chimney-dwellers are Memnon-like in their response to morning. Yet, upon one occasion at least,

they were sadly disappointing in this respect, since no sooner had they made their salutations than they began a downward retreat, as though repenting their early rising.

The chimney-swallows, or swifts, are some years with us as late as mid-October, though in decimated numbers. Those delaying are, perhaps, the feeble and the injured, or else cases in which the love of locality persists. By what legerdemain do birds take themselves away in autumn? They were here but last night; this morning there is none to be seen. Why will not our friends give us the signal, so well understood among themselves? We would try to be present at their departure, no matter at what strange hour of the night or of the lonesome dawn they chose to go.

The first frost is usually so light, so soon fleeting, that none but the earliest riser sees its traces upon the grass. It only slightly freaks the leaves of those maples most susceptible of change; yet new salubrity is in the air. This gelid fire, secretly spreading by night, is kindled to chasten and purify the luxurious season; this tingling antidote, dropped in the enchanter's cup, quickly counteracts the fatal languor that but now was stealing over us. In timely frost there should be nothing to provoke melancholy reflections. As welcome as sunshine and plentiful mild rain in spring, or as the abundant dews of June, is this white, granulated dew of the later year, and for this nature seems to have been waiting with no less anticipation than for sun and showers in their season. I do not see how one bred in the North, and afterward living in tropic latitudes, could be otherwise than homesick for the flavor of frost.

But a short time since the trees were alike green. Now they are being tried, as by the touchstone, and begin to show characteristic differences. How many carats fine is the gold of the beech, the walnut, the chestnut? The oaks are red or maroon, and the maples run the whole scale of xanthic colors. As in landscape painting, this diffusion of warm hues has the effect of diminishing distance. Yonder blazing woodland, for instance, sharply contrasted with the blue of the sky, seems making for the foreground. For the eye's relief, you would

fain add a little neutral tint; and you find that a hazy or humid gray atmosphere agreeably tones down the fierce coloring.

Anyone who has carefully noted the autumnal traits of the maple would have no great difficulty in distinguishing among several others the leaf of any particular tree in his neighborhood. The wind will bring me, this year as before, complimentary cards from the lemon-yellow maple; from the brindled; from the scarlet; from the scarlet-and-gold, and from the sober russet. "By these presents" I shall recognize each individual. Each remains not only loyal to the colors, but displays also the distinctive markings of previous autumns.

Falling leaves, when there is little or no wind to influence their course, have their stems vertical and foremost, spinning round and round like so many teetotums twirled in some game of invisible sprites. It is singular how soon the fallen leaf has changed its color; scarlet becoming madder, yellow a dull umber. While the leaf remains upon the tree, however it be frost-plagued, it seems to draw vital rations; once off, decay progresses rapidly. Picking up the leaf of a cottonwood growing in the yard, I am struck with the sketch I see upon it; the midvein and veinlets together producing a fairly accurate delineation of the tree's naked anatomy. A thousand leaves, and each bearing a small copy of the tree; each showing the inscription of its *Cæsar*! This fanciful principle of correspondence does not appear in all leaves, though those of the beech and the maple somewhat illustrate it.

Unless we have an earnest desire toward frost-grapes and chestnuts, we shall not be able to prove ourselves true natives and loyal to the sweet country tradition. The sylvan table is spread, and we are awaited there. You have not forgotten, surely, the ragged gipsy-vine that travels along the edge of the woods, reaching up and locking arms with the trees, whether they condescend or not? This vine, having absolutely nothing else to do, has, for purposes of sport, ripened a goodly number of fine, dark, amethystine clusters. For purposes of sport, indeed! for now it contrives so to hang those clusters among neighboring boughs that the fruit appears to belong to

the tree rather than to the vine. You would say, How is this? the maple bears grapes; the hickory bears grapes; the hobble-bush and the witch-hazel bear grapes! Frost-grapes are these, and well named. A bloom like morning rime hides the purple. It may be added, the "tongue" that tastes these has a "tang."

And chestnuts—why not, by compliment, frost-nuts, since we hold ourselves indebted to the frost for opening the perilous bur? By their growing in a bur, we may guess that nature prizes chestnuts more than other mast, and means that they shall ripen in peace, protected from all untimely investigation. If you think to go chestnutting, and at the same time avoid having company, you have not counted upon the chipmunks. They are already on the field of enterprise, vehemently asserting the priority of their claim. I am convinced they have the right on their side, else I would not have acted in their interests, as I once did, ignoring those of the youthful human. One still morning, at the height of the nutting season, as I came under the trees, I heard a great stir, seeming to proceed from something moving the fallen leaves. After some scrutiny I discovered a chipmunk rushing from side to side of an old rusty wire-trap. Its bright, wild eyes were unspeakably pathetic. No use to announce to the captive that a warrant of liberty had been issued in its behalf; I knew, as I pulled up the slide of the trap, there would be no thanks to the humble servant of the law; but I did hope to see whither the prisoner went. A bullet's course among the dry leaves could have been as easily followed with the eye. I dare say some juvenile trapper was sadly disappointed; the chipmunk, I trust, was not too late to lay in supplies for the winter.

The "season of mist and mellow fruitfulness" has never been better painted than in the rich ode of which I have here quoted the opening line. Though breathing of the English fields and air, there is scarcely a verse of this poem which would not serve equally well in a description of our autumn. We, too, feel how the season conspires with the sun

"To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel?"

though, mentally, to give the picture a more familiar touch, we substitute for these the golden pumpkin and the chestnut. We, too, may have seen the spirit of the season "sitting careless on a granary floor," though not upon a "half-reaped furrow sound asleep"—not "drowsed with the fumes of poppies;" for our grain gives no ground to the poppy; but we may yet see the autumn spirit by the cider-press, with patient look watching the last oozings, hours by hours.

The bleating full-grown lambs; the chirping of crickets; the treble soft of the red-breast (albeit not the English redbreast), are all in the songs of our own autumn. But the last line comes the most near:

"And gathering swallows twitter in the skies."

Romance and reminiscence are in the air. Who has not been dreamily pleased, listening to the wind that

"Sets in with the autumn that blows from the region of stories—

Blows with a perfume of songs and of memories beloved from a boy"—

the same wind that

"Wanders on to make
That soft, uneasy sound
By distant wood and lake."

Who has not sometimes been calmed or comforted by the sight of

"autumn suns,
Smiling at even upon the quiet sheaves."

To-night, the sun, sinking past amber-colored clouds, throwing wide shafts abroad, presented the figure of a luminous wind-mill, its spokes all at rest, on some breathless plain of heaven.

The falling of the leaves has always been employed as an object-lesson to illustrate man's mortality. Says Glaucus, on exchanging arms with Diomed: "Why, O son of Tydeus, do you question me about my race? The race of men is just like the race of leaves." But it is good to hear Shelley's invocation of the West Wind:

"Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth."

The use of the leaves is not ended when they drop from the boughs. They go to make new wood-mold, but not until they

have helped the children of the wood to weather the cold season.

"I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads. . . .

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight.
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of 'good-night';
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie down to sleep."

After frost and wind have stripped the woods; after the heavy rains and, perhaps, flurries of chaff-like snow, comes the apotheosis of autumn. Indian summer we call it. The large bright sky seems around us as well as above us; we see "there is the way of heaven that always lies open." We partake of the content we read in nature's face. Not if they might, would the trees have back their leaves or the fields their harvests. Bees would not have their honey resolved to its prime elements in the hearts of flowers, though the flowers were never so sweet. Plants whose seeds are all ripened, and whose life has retired to the root, would not now be glad to be clothed with leaf and blossom. The still resignation of the unleaved woods does not escape us. We fancy the corn-shocks in the sunny distance may be a wigwam encampment suiting the Indian-summer interval. Should we explore them, the only tenants we should find would be swift-footed mice already housed for the winter. We think of the uses served by this Indian plant; from its mealy bloom bees gather honey; man eats the green ear, when it is full of the milk of kindness; man's working beast gets the ripe ear. Even in the dry stalk is food or fodder.

An anachronism to the eye, at this time in the season, is the winter wheat-field, so freshly green—a local Emerald Isle, flowed round by fallow and russet waves of proper autumnal coloring. In these summer-like days, the thistle and the milkweed have their fleets abroad. Nothing grown upon the earth seems so fully to escape it as these sailing germs. Peradventure, some of them go to form the light fleeces we call fair-weather clouds. How would this do, poet, for your coat-of-arms: Thistle-down, argent.

volant; on a field azure; motto, *semper errans*.

In these evenings I notice the Great Dipper is low and level in the north, as though just lifted, brimful, out of the Lake. The great summer arch of the Milky Way begins to be broken up, and blown away in puffs of star-dust toward the southwest. The full moon of November looks upon a changed earth, crowning it with silver serenity.

The trees raise no screen to obstruct the

goodwill of its shining; only their riblike shadows lie across our path like enormous skeleton leaves. We listen in vain for any insect voice from the grass; for "the frost has wrought a silence."

Thin plumes of chimney-smoke rise through the crisp air, stealing into moonlight oblivion. These reports from the hearth-fire seem to bring winter a good many leagues nearer.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE LOST TRAIN—A MYSTERY.

AT seven o'clock in the evening, on the twenty-ninth day of August, eighteen hundred and eighty-one, there stood on the railroad platform of the little station of Silver Bow seven persons. Silver Bow is a new settlement on one of the numerous branches of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad. Twenty miles southwest of Silver Bow, on the same track, is Lone Tomb. A like distance beyond this place lies Blue Cañon, and still farther Golconda City, where the line terminates. Five of these persons had bought tickets for the Atlantic Express. They were waiting to take the momentarily expected train for Topeka, there to change cars and reach New York by way of Chicago. The remaining two individuals were the ticket-agent and a telegraph operator.

On the platform at Lone Tomb were a dozen persons, among them a party consisting of a bride and groom, just married, and a mysterious stranger, dressed in a long, black cloak and a slouch hat, who glanced furtively, from time to time, at the happy pair. The train from Blue Cañon came slowly into Lone Tomb, and the passengers soon took their seats, the bride and groom going into the parlor-car, and the mysterious stranger entering the smoker. There were a few interchanges of courtesies between the loiterers on the platform and the conductor, brakemen and engineer, then the bell of the locomotive rang, and the train moved on the single track toward Silver Bow.

There was not a great deal of traffic on this branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé. But two trains ran daily, Sundays excepted, through the seventy miles of wild but fairly level country that had occasionally been well traversed by the James boys and other desperadoes, for the United States Express car often carried in its safe a large amount of specie. The train that had just left Lone Tomb was known as "No. 67." It consisted of a Pullman Palace Parlor Sleeper, a smoker, an ordinary passenger coach, a baggage car, a United States Express and a caboose. The conductor, Jem Harris, was an Antietam hero, favorably known throughout Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico and Texas. The engineer, Tim Tiernan, enjoyed equally as much popularity, not solely on account of his general good-nature, but also for his skill in the game of poker. In remote regions such as these the arrival and departure of the train is, outside of an occasional lynching, the only excitement, and the trainmen are looked upon very much as were the driver and guard in the old coaching days in England.

"We're twenty minutes behind time," said Conductor Harris to Engineer Tiernan. "Shake her up, Tim; we'll get to Silver Bow by seven."

The seven persons on the platform at Silver Bow toward seven o'clock looked anxiously up the track for "No. 67," but there were no signs of it. A quarter-past seven, and still the well-known whistle, which

could be heard often at a distance of three miles, had not echoed through the thickly-wooded hills. This was not unusual, for "67" had been at times half an hour late. As the Silver Bow travelers were beginning to get impatient, the telegraph operator wired to Lone Tomb and asked at what time the train had left. The answer soon came:

"'67,' in charge of Harris, left here for Silver Bow at 6:20. Fair load."

"Well," remarked the ticket agent who was in charge of the station, "she must be along in a few minutes now."

The passengers were satisfied and content to wait. They walked up and down the platform and rested occasionally on their trunks and baggage, which were piled up ready to be deposited in the baggage-car of "67."

It was now eight o'clock and almost dark, without any indications of the approach of the train. Those who before had been impatient now became alarmed, especially the step-mother of the bridegroom, who, with his father, intended accompanying the young people as far as Topeka, as neither had been able to be present at the wedding. The telegraph operator, at the request of the ticket agent, wired once more to Lone Tomb as follows:

"'67' not yet arrived. What's wrong?"

Lone Tomb replied:

"Must be all right. Perhaps hot-box. Good-night. Going home."

"It is nine o'clock," said the ticket agent to the tired and anxious persons on the platform, as he looked at his watch; "something must have happened, but I don't think it can be anything serious. A piece of machinery may have got out of order, and Tim Tiernan's repairing it. I guess '67' will turn up by and by in good shape." The ticket agent talked in this way to keep up the spirits of the others, but it was easy to see by his forced jollity that he did not like the look of things. "What can have happened?" he muttered to himself; "she can't have jumped the track or tumbled into the little creek—or have the James boys got aboard, stopped the train and shot Tim Tiernan? If anything of the sort has taken place, it would be at least another hour be-

fore we could hear of it here or from Lone Tomb."

At a quarter-past ten the ticket agent came to the conclusion that a serious mishap had befallen the train, and resolved to organize a party to go up the track toward Lone Tomb and learn the cause of the detention. The first thing he did was to send to a neighboring mining-camp, two miles away, to get the services of the sheriff and some of the miners to aid him in searching for the train and render the necessary assistance. Within less than an hour twenty resolute men, headed by the sheriff and the ticket agent, started for Lone Tomb. They were all well-armed, and a dozen of them carried lanterns. The telegraph operator and the step-mother and the father of the expected bridegroom remained behind and made themselves as comfortable as they could under the circumstances. They knew that several hours must elapse before any tidings of the train could reach them. The night was dark and cloudy, and only occasionally was the faint glimmer of a star visible through the overhanging firs that grew in rich luxuriance for a mile or two along the track, forming an avenue of plumed ghosts with bowing heads.

When the party had proceeded for about half an hour without seeing any trace of the train it stopped to rest and discuss the situation. The men looked at one another as well as they could in the blackness of the wood, and for a few minutes no one spoke.

"Well," at length said the sheriff as he rested his rifle on one of the rails of the solitary track, "I guess this is the James boys' work. We may have to have a fight after all. Who knows but that they may have murdered everybody on the train and got away with all the treasure in the safe. It's rough across country, and it's almost certain they'll come this way. Keep a sharp lookout, boys; we may catch 'em. We'd better travel in military style. Advance guard, main body and rear guard!"

"Perhaps it ain't the James boys at all," said a weather-beaten, red-bearded miner. "The train may have tumbled over a bridge or down a ravine. Let us look at both sides of the track as we go along and—"

"That isn't very likely," interrupted the

ticket agent. "This branch is as well built as any line in the West. The rails are steel and the road is ballasted with rock. The two bridges on it are thoroughly substantial, and the creeks they cross aren't big enough or deep enough to hold a horse-car, much less a whole train. Besides, there isn't a ravine worth talking about within two hundred yards of the track."

"Let's get along, boys, and keep our eyes open," said the sheriff; "it's of no use staying here chinning."

As the ticket agent had stated, the track between Lone Tomb and Silver Bow was a good one and beset with few dangers. It is true that there were several sharp curves, but the trains always went slowly round these. There was one bridge that crossed a shallow stream; another spanned a small mountain torrent, and above a cutting through the rocks, about seven miles from Lone Tomb, was a natural arch, formed by boulders in by-gone ages, lodging in the narrow gorge. These were the only parts of the road where an accident might be likely, but at the same time highly improbable.

The night crept on, and the party reached the first bridge. The gentle ripple of the stream fell on their ears as the lanterns were held close to the track. The rails, ties and frogs were intact. The parapets were in perfect condition. No train could possibly have run off the track there. Some of the men plunged into the dense undergrowth among the willows near the water and swept the scene with the lurid light of their lanterns, which flashed in the woods like huge fire-flies. The brook, for it was nothing more, flowed silently on. No railroad disaster had disturbed its limpid calmness.

"We've got to keep on, boys," said the sheriff, with an air of painfully-assumed cheeriness. "We'll have '67's' headlight blazing down on us yet. She can't be far off now. We're only nine miles from Lone Tomb. We'll soon know what the trouble is."

No one had anything to add to the sheriff's remarks, so the weary and, so far, fruitless march was resumed.

"Hanged if I don't think," exclaimed the

red-bearded miner, stopping suddenly, "that them James boys has ditched the train by putting logs on the track, and we'll find the wreck before we get to One Tree Bridge."

One Tree Bridge was so called because a huge pine stood like a sentinel close to the small but petulant mountain torrent that the structure crossed. Again the lanterns were swung over the water. Again the party scattered among the trees and searched carefully for traces of the missing train and its passengers, but without the smallest measure of success.

"Guess I've had about enough of this," said the ticket-agent. "Let's go back again; the company don't pay me to walk twelve or fourteen miles to look after its trains."

"Well," remarked one of the party, who had had but little to say, "we've come so far, we may as well see it through. The thing ought to be followed up. Something very unusual has happened, and it is our duty to find out what it is. Who knows but we may yet come upon the corpses of all who were aboard that train!"

"Oh! it ain't going to be as bad as that," said the sheriff; "but, anyhow, it's of no use going back. '67" must be close at hand, and then, when we've found out what the trouble is, we'll all have a nap at Lone Tomb and take the morning train for Silver Bow. We shall fetch up in time for breakfast."

"What licks me," the red-bearded miner blurted out, "is why some of them Lone Tomb fellows ain't found their way here before this."

"They hadn't any reason to," observed another miner, who carried very conspicuously two six-shooters, as the accident's happened up their way. "But do any of you know what the time is?"

There was an immediate pulling out and examination of watches, and then several voices chorused:

"Half-after three."

"I didn't think it was so late as that; let us push on, boys."

The gloom which had hung over the party like a pall during the earlier part of the march gave way to lightness of spirit and jocularly. The terrible fate which had probably befallen seventy or eighty human

beings was apparently lost sight of for the moment. Whisky-flasks received attention. Cigars and pipes were lit, while various theories were advanced to account for the non-appearance of the missing train. One man suggested that it was taking a journey through the air attached to special balloons. Another, that it had been blown up with dynamite by Nihilists. A third, that the track had caved in and that "67" was running through a private tunnel of its own. The red-bearded miner seemed to think that the train saw the sheriff coming and had run round into the woods to get out of the way.

"You may joke away, gentlemen, as much as you please, but in my opinion it's no joking matter," said the ticket agent gloomily. "Here is this single track. That train left Lone Tomb at 6:20, and it hasn't got as far as this yet, and it is now nearly four. Where can it be? There are no precipices over which it could tumble. We don't know what horrors may be in store for us. I'm almost sorry I didn't go back; this long and anxious tramp has played me out."

It was the dark hour before daylight, rendered doubly gloomy by the high rocks on each side. The track curved sharply here as it entered the narrow gorge with the natural arch of boulders. No disaster to a train had taken place on this spot. The track, the ties, and everything were found to be in perfect condition. The detention, from whatever cause, must have occurred nearer Lone Tomb. The mystified and tired searchers became absolutely desperate with disappointment. The air grew cold and a light rain began to fall. The walking, too, was difficult, owing to the thicket on both sides of the track, the tangled underbrush and felled trees.

"We shall soon know the worst," said the sheriff, who had been a soldier, "but we may as well do the thing right up to the handle. We'll form in extended line, so that we can cover some of the ground in these woods, although I don't see very well how a train could get there, any way."

The line was formed, as suggested, just as the faint streaks of dawn appeared. The ground was carefully examined, the prickly

branches of the underbrush tearing the clothes of several of the party. Now the track again turned abruptly, and then came open and very level country, with wooded purple hills in the distance, looking shadowy in the dim, gray dawn. The regular order of march was once more adopted. There was no longer any conversation; everybody felt exhausted. Suddenly there was a loud cry. It was a shout of unmistakable joy.

"Hurrah! I see her. I see the light—the headlight of Tim Tiernan's locomotive."

"Where?" all asked at once.

"There, right ahead on the track, as straight as you can look," answered the red-bearded miner, who had made the discovery. "What the blooming blazes can he be doing there?" he added.

"I'll be shot if I can see any blamed headlight."

"Why, sheriff, you can't help seeing it," said the ticket agent. "Just follow my finger."

"Oh! I've got it now."

Everybody saw it and felt elated in consequence. The long tramp was forgotten. The light loomed larger each minute through the gray morning mist. The party no longer walked hurriedly; their object was achieved. There would they find the train still on the track, without having been rifled by the James boys. It was probably some trifling accident to the locomotive that Tim Tiernan was waiting for daylight to repair. The whole crowd could now run back with conductor Jem Harris to breakfast at Silver Bow. And what a splendid joke was this hunt for "67." It would be in all the newspapers and written up by professional humorists and cause no end of fun. The now light-hearted wayfarers walked briskly on. They "spurred" a little as there was some distance yet to go before coming up to the gleaming headlight. Indeed, the outline of the train could not be distinguished clearly in the early morning darkness, the misty atmosphere making the light on the open and level country appear nearer than it really was.

"Well, boys," the sheriff said, "this may be the last time I may have occasion to address you as a body. I think we all ought

to be proud of our work. We've stood the rain, the cold and the tramp without flinching, and I'll see that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé takes care of us."

"Let's get it over as soon as possible. What d'ye say to a run?" suggested the ticket agent. "We've been walking all the time."

"Good!" was the response from a dozen husky throats.

"A run be it, then!" exclaimed the sheriff. "Forward! Double quick!"

The whole party set off toward the light at a high rate of speed. The now damp earth resounded with the quick, measured step of the courageous little band. The headlight was at hand. Another couple of

hundred yards and they would reach it. The runners breathed hard, but there would be rest in a minute or two. Hurrah! the red-bearded miner is the first man to disappear in the mist ahead of the others. He must be on the train by this time. The sheriff is a good second. There was a deep growl of disappointment. The light from the fixed kerosene lamp with bright reflector threw its rays over the excited men and the bare railroad track, and they looked up and read, by the faint daylight, the legend, LONE TOMB, above the platform of the station.

B. B. VALLENTINE.

NOTE.—The question is: What became of the lost train? The author does not know.

WASHINGTON THROUGH EYE-GLASSES.

WASHINGTON, you will find on a careful look at it, such as a man takes through his eye-glasses, is a capital, with only two clubs, two theatres—both decayed—no opera and no park. It is something more than a Maryland village; it has 160,000 inhabitants, and yet it is a good deal less than a city. The stores are, mostly, little retail shops. All the people are people of leisure. Six hours make a day's work for the Government, and no one, whether he works for the Government or not, ever hurries. The man who walks fast in the street feels that he is regarded as an eccentric. The climate is as mild and slow as the people. One-third of the population is colored, ranging from the ignorant and kindly "darker" through all shades of complexion and worldly condition to the pert and prosperous mulatto. The citizens have no votes, and they are glad of it. Congress governs them much better than they, including the blacks, could govern themselves.

There are more than 70,000 trees in the streets alone, besides those in the little squares, triangles, and circles which dot the town. The streets are very wide and smooth in asphalt. The sidewalks are of brick. The houses are low, and the homes of the rich

and the negro shanties are often jumbled together in the most democratic way. The city sprawls out over a large territory. It was planned very much as you would draw with a cane in the sand—first, a series of streets straight across in front of you; then another series at right angles to these; then long avenues, cutting obliquely across this checkerboard in all directions, one set centring in the Capitol at one end of the city, and the other in the White House at the other end. Result, the triangles, flat-irons, circles, etc., spoken of, which are crowded with trees. In May and June the city is a bower of fresh verdure, and a Southern softness fills the air. Stop and talk to the "darker" boy lounging on the sidewalk, and you are in the tropics; step into one of the brightly lighted offices of the correspondents, and hear the unceasing tap-tap, tap-tap of the private wire, the other end of which runs into a busy newspaper office in New York or Chicago, and you feel the throbbing of all the nerves of the intense Yankee civilization. This is Washington—a city of contrasts.

Washington society has been much discussed and expounded largely by people who did not seem to remember in considering the queer mixtures of life there, that

the principle of natural selection does not have its full sway. In any other city like can drift to like. Men and women can choose their own company, and be known by it. But in Washington the company is fixed, to a certain extent, by arbitrary selections, from which there is no appeal. State legislatures, nominating conventions, and bedroom conferences of politicians, often say who shall be asked to the reception and who shall go in first to dinner. A caucus of sharp-witted, plainly dressed, and plain-spoken men get together in some distant Western capital and nominate the Honorable Lemuel Twigg to be United States Senator. Mr. Twigg may never have worn a dress-coat, and may be a man who in spite of many excellent qualities you would never select as your companion at the dinner-table. But the people have lifted him up, as the Tartars elevated their king, on the shield of their votes, and Mr. Twigg is entitled to his share of the pasteboard that is so generously distributed in Washington in the course of a season. The President has a cabinet vacancy to fill. He forthwith becomes the subject of that mysterious operation known as "pressure." There is pressure from the front and from the rear; pressure from the right and from the left. He finally yields to the pressure from that point of the compass where it was least expected to succeed, and perhaps appoints some accomplished gentleman, perhaps some plain old yeoman, with plenty of sense, who knows nothing of society, and cares nothing for it, but who finds himself forced into one of the chief positions of the strictly official society. Obviously, with unforeseen combinations like these recurring at intervals, the nice calculations of society are apt to be disturbed.

Many things are reversed in Washington. The visitor to the city is expected to call first on the resident. The lady walking on the street does not bow to the gentleman until he bows to her. Like most conventionalities, these have good reasons, of course.

The freedom of the official receptions is an interesting feature of Washington life.

"May I bring my friend, Mr. Blank, to your reception to-morrow afternoon, Mrs.

Hyphen?" asked a gentleman one day of the wife of the Secretary of the Exterior. Before the lady could make her affable reply, a mutual friend broke in:

"Why, my dear fellow, what an absurd question to ask Mrs. Hyphen! You know perfectly well that she is the last person to be consulted about that. Of course your friend can come. Bring him and all the rest of your friends. Mrs. Hyphen hasn't got anything to say about it!"

There was only the natural degree of humorous exaggeration about this. The cabinet officer is the servant of the people—socially, if not politically. It is announced in the Washington papers, in which social news plays a large part, that Mrs. Hyphen will receive on Wednesday afternoon, for the first time during the season. On that afternoon all the women constituting the official society call, of course, and as many of the men as can. The wives of senators and members of the diplomatic corps, of the army and navy, of department officials—all call, in a prompt, business-like way. There are many others besides. The leading officials of Secretary Hyphen's department, if they have any social inclinations at all, are likely to come. Various "judges" and "generals," retired statesmen who were once in Congress or the departments, and learned enough while there to enable them afterward to pick up a living outside, under the figure of conducting "a law practice," come in. These are men—and there are many of them—who cannot escape from the fascination of Washington. They are glad now to sit in the shadow of events they once helped in some degree to control.

And then comes a miscellaneous sequence of people—some acquainted with the hostess, some not. All have the right to be there, and all are welcomed. It would be interesting to estimate the number of nationalities represented in one of these crowded drawing-rooms. They range all the way from the sturdy young American officer, who has brought from the plains the poor laurels gained in a fight with treacherous Indians, to the Chinese Minister, who stands gravely listening, with his hands folded in front over his exquisite silk gown, while his interpreter, a bright young Chinaman, talks on

all sides. The latter is so genially anxious to display his knowledge of English that he takes care to use a little slang now and then. Some one asks him how he enjoyed the excursion on a government steamer down the Potomac to Mount Vernon, which the Secretary of State gave yesterday in honor of the envoys of the Queen of Sheba, with whom our Government is beginning diplomatic relations, and he answers with just a shade too much of distinctness, "Oh, it was an A No. 1 day!"

It is not to be supposed from what has been said that vulgar intrusion is a common occurrence in official houses. It is not unknown, of course, but, as a rule, those who come are those who have a right to do so; and if the company does seem miscellaneous at times, it is one of the incidents of the tenure of great offices, to which secretaries and their wives seem to be reconciled. This is not so very different, after all, from recognizing all these people on the street, as the secretary and his wife would be glad to do if they were constituents. When the secretary comes to make up his dinner-parties he is his own master, though there are certain formal and official dinners to be given, of course. The dinner-party here, as elsewhere, is the touchstone of the higher civilization.

There are many kinds and degrees of society. There is the official society, of which the President and cabinet are the titular leaders, and in which senators and representatives, when socially inclined, judge and diplomats, live and move and have their being. It need not be said that the diplomats play a leading part here. They combine all the qualities needed for social conquest. They carry about with them the distinction of men who come from "abroad." They are usually polished and amiable, sometimes accomplished and fascinating men. Gayety is a part of their professional duty. They have official positions, which fact counts for a great deal in an official society. Some of them have titles of nobility, which counts for a vast deal in a republic. Then, on state occasions, they have uniforms, and Sam. Weller says, "It's the uniforms as does it;" though it must be confessed that the diplomatic uniform often seems to the ordi-

inary American citizen an extremely ugly costume. But the vague charm that hangs about a diplomat is beyond analysis. The petty *attaché* of some unimportant legation seems to share it with the elegant representative of one of the first courts of Europe. The *attaché* may be living on a pittance in a shabby hall-bedroom somewhere, from which he emerges once a day in evening dress, and on rare occasions in his uniform. He may not have either family or fortune—not even good manners. But he is a member of the diplomatic corps, and that suffices.

Then there is another circle of official society—or series of circles. The centre of each of these is apt to be the State association. For example, all the department clerks, chief clerks, deputies, commissioners, and what not, from Delaware—Delaware will be a safe name to use—form the Delaware State Association. Formerly these associations were political in their nature, but Mr. Hayes became convinced that all organization was wicked, and suggested that they disband. They then became social bodies, but some of them have resumed their political character. They have dances, etc. The members of Congress from the State are likely to be leaders in this society, though they may not appear at all in the more fashionable official society. In fact, in that rarer social atmosphere, a member of the House of Representatives is the exception rather than the rule. If he has been used to society, and likes it, he goes into it, of course. But the fact of his being a member of the House has little to do with his *entrée*. A large proportion of the members are plain men from small towns or the country, who have known nothing of this life under the gaslight, are not comfortable in it, and seldom appear there.

Then there is the hotel society. The ladies staying in the Brown House all receive on the same day. Ladies calling can thus kill all the birds, socially speaking, there are in the Brown House, with one handful of cards. The ladies of the Smith House have another day; the ladies of the Robinson House another. Then at intervals each hotel has a *soirée*, invitations to which are generously distributed. There is a fine band and a finer supper, and dancing unlimited.

Congressmen and their wives and daughters, lobbyists, Southern colonels and numerous "generals," visiting strangers, politicians, and the rest make up a mixed company. At one of these entertainments the wife of a congressman whose constituents had omitted to re-elect him, spoke sharply to a lady sitting on a sofa next to a friend of the congressman's wife. "You might move up," said she. When the lady had "moved up," and the congressman's wife had settled herself down in the room thus obtained, she turned to her friend and proceeded. "Yes," said she, "it's just as I tell Lycurgus. This Washington society unfits one for any other society. You can't go back to the society you were used to once—you just can't. No; I tell Lycurgus, we must come back to the House. He says we can't, but I say we can. And we must! That's all there is about it." A few months later "Lycurgus" is wrestling in the dust of the district arena for a renomination. No one who sees him engaged in that delightful occupation—red in the face, metaphorically speaking, hot and out of breath—knows that it is all because of the social aspirations of Mrs. Lycurgus, who has been unfitted by Washington society for the humbler society in which she once moved. If any man doubts that women rule the world, he can have his doubts removed in any circle of Washington society.

It need hardly be said that in such a floating society as that of Washington is apt to be at its best, there are exceptional opportunities, especially in the minor circles, for deception and imposition. The adventurer has an easier path here. The story of one may be interesting.

J—, after a decidedly checkered career, had become correspondent of a minor newspaper, and as such had made the acquaintance of various congressmen, senators, lawyers and lobbyists, constituting a "set" in one of the leading hotels. He had a certain quiet assurance and plausibility that made him friends. He was drudging, wore shabby clothes, and, in short, was in one of those stages of industry and repentance to which every adventurer is liable, but from which most adventurers may be relied upon to emerge.

Suddenly he received money from some mysterious source. Washington is full of mysterious sources of money. He took rooms in the hotel. He appeared every evening in evening dress. He gradually dropped his newspaper work, and became a man of leisure. He was still more intimate than before with the hotel statesmen. He sought the society of the hotel ladies, and even impressed that most unimpressable creature—the hotel clerk. Now he developed as a statesman himself, began to dabble in politics, pulled wires about sundry petty appointments, and was frequently seen in the ante-rooms of the White House. He gave "theatre parties"—a favorite form of entertainment in Washington—and the papers would duly announce that Mr. J. gave a theatre-party last evening at the National, publishing the names of the guests. Among them were the daughters of a well-known congressman—bright, nice, good girls; various other congressional women, young and old; a former cabinet officer who resigned from office just in time to escape successful impeachment, and who has cheerfully plied his trade as lobbyist ever since about the capital, etc. Such are the mixtures of hotel society in Washington.

Mr. J. also gave a Potomac party—another favorite form of amusement in Washington. Parties go down the Potomac in one or two hotel stages, picnic in some pretty spot, and dispose of the elaborate luncheon they have brought along. This party was a distinguished one, and the arrangements were made on a corresponding scale. Just before starting, our adventurer decided that there was not enough champagne on board, and so another basket was passed up. There is no knowing what higher flights he might have taken, but a few weeks later he disappeared from the hotel, having established the reputation, while there, of hiring more carriages and buying more wine than any other guest except General Bullion. This gentleman stepped forward and settled the entire cost of the Potomac party, not caring to feel that members of his family had enjoyed hospitality which had not been paid for. Mr. J.'s other bills remained unpaid, while

he vanished from the scene of his social triumphs to reappear in the world of the cheap *table d'hôte* and shabby lodgings.

Washington grows more attractive every year to cultivated people. Perhaps the best way to account for the charm of its society is to ascribe this to its variety. Congress and the courts bring in many able and companionable men, mostly lawyers. The diplomatic corps contribute their accomplished representatives. Various departments of the government contain men of distinguished attainments in science. There are a number of writers, some of them of note. Then there is the army and navy, with its swarms of gallant young officers and equally gallant veterans. Besides these there are the people of wealth and refinement who have been drawn to Washington by the pleasures of the society and the gentleness of the climate; the old families, usually of Southern affiliations and sympathies; people who have been called here in years past by official duties, and have liked the city too well to leave it. It is easy to see what a chance for interesting combinations and contrasts there is here. The society is not distinctively literary, as in some cities, but it has a literary element. It is not commercial at all, and so escapes the paralyzing influence of "shop" and talk about stocks. It is not entirely official, or political, or military, or diplomatic—but it has elements of all these. It is not even solely American, but has a foreign strain. It is not local, because the people who make it up live everywhere under the sun. It is not provincial, but is highly cosmopolitan.

It is a democratic society. Perhaps it would hardly be correct to say that money counts for nothing, but it does not count for everything. If it be true that in Boston the question is, "What has he written?" and in New York, "How much is he worth?" the question in Washington is, "What is he?" Position, official title, reputation, count for everything. A cold shudder ran through Washington society at the rumor that a well-known family of billionaires, who were distinguished only for their billions, proposed to send a shoot into the capital. Thus far society there has escaped the demoralizing influence so often

exerted by great wealth. There is not, in fact, a great deal of wealth there. Land is cheap, and many people of moderate incomes live in houses which would cost a fortune every year in New York. Probably the average citizen living outside has a notion of the magnificence and splendor of Washington life which is far beyond the facts. A distinguished senator builds a house which, so far as the cost of it is concerned, would not attract a second glance in any of the great cities where the man who buys land must cover it with gold. Probably the price would hardly buy a respectable house on a side street in New York. He is a man of note in whom the whole country is interested. Perhaps he is being talked about, against his will, for the Presidency. Such cases have been known. The letter-writers make that house their prey. It is described in letters to a score of newspapers, and a thousand other newspapers copy the description. The country resounds with Senator Spriggs' new house, which may be much handsomer than an ordinary New York brownstone front, but did not cost half so much.

But the social side of Washington is not always the most interesting one. It is outside of the conventional circles that one often meets the strangest people and the strongest contrasts. One curious thing is the fascination the city seems to have for "cranks," for poor creatures of all degrees of unsound mind, from mere eccentrics to downright monomaniacs. The capital is the centre and symbol of the power of a great people, and these unfortunates seem to be drawn to its glare as fish are to a lighted globe under water. A lady was walking on the street the other day when she heard a calm, solemn voice at her elbow say, "Prepare to die now!" This would have been under any circumstances a startling warning. Turning quickly she saw an old man, with lank, white hair falling about his ashen face. His eyes were vacant and lustreless. He was dressed in white, and had on his breast a placard: "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and on his back another: "Prepare to die now." As he passed swiftly along, he repeated his warning, without looking to the right or to the

left, until he disappeared. This was not an extraordinary sight for Washington, though, of course, not a common one. A more usual one is the man who goes to the White House and demands possession, on the ground that he is the rightful president. Ordinarily, in the careless American way of treating such matters, the doorkeepers get rid of him by some good-natured deception, and trouble themselves no more about him. Where these poor people come from, how they live, and where they go, are mysteries. A good many of them find themselves at last in the Government Asylum for the Insane, which is a storage reservoir for the insanity that percolates to Washington from all quarters of the Union.

Then there are milder phases which never come within the jurisdiction of the police. Many of these are pitiful cases. Some have been chasing the *ignis fatuus* of a place in one of the departments until mind and body have worn out together. One poor woman goes to one department regularly demanding the appointment which she evidently believes she is to get. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays she sends in a card, bearing a certain name, to the person in authority; on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays she sends in an entirely different name. One of these unfortunate victims of the office-hunting mania presented one day at one of the departments a letter which had been given, evidently, for the sole purpose of getting rid of her, and which began as follows: "The bearer, suffering from a harmless aberration of the mind, is an applicant," etc." Probably no more remarkable letter of recommendation was ever given than that.

Then there are the Miss Flites and Gridleys of our American Chancery — men and women who have wasted the best part of their lives in the attempt to overcome the cruel inertia of Congress, and carry through some personal claim. Perhaps it was a just one; perhaps there was some flaw in the evidence which they could never be persuaded to see. But if it was a small one, it had a weary road to travel. It is the big claim that attracts attention by its mere bigness, and if it has been made large enough to give a few corrupt men a share,

their bustle and energy will make it move faster than a juster claim which has nothing but the general sense of right to carry it along.

One day, in the long session of 1882, the House of Representatives passed the bill to reimburse the heirs of the officers and men of the brig "General Armstrong," who in 1814 resisted with such bravery the attacks of a British squadron in the neutral port of Fayal, that although the British had 136 guns to their seven, and 2,000 men to their 90, including both officers and men, more than twice as many British were killed and disabled as there were Americans all told. It was one of the bravest fights of the war, or of any war. The claim had been before the government and Congress for nearly seventy years. Up in the visitors' gallery there sat an old man, with gray hair and trembling hands, with two children at his side. This was the son of Samuel C. Reid, the captain of the Armstrong, and he had spent his life trying to get Congress to pay a plain debt. He had seen his bill fail repeatedly through one mishap and another, although repeatedly reported favorably, and never once unfavorably. Once it passed both houses, but a blunder crept into the title. It should have read "the private armed brig, "General Armstrong." It did read, "the private armed Brigadier-General Armstrong." That mistake cost the old man years of labor and anxiety. This time, as he sat in the gallery, the bill had already passed the Senate. As he listened to the vote, the tears rolled down his cheeks. When it finally passed, he was completely overcome, and the two little boys with him danced for joy. And then the President, for some reason, did not sign the bill, but allowed it to become a law at the expiration of ten days, without his signature. I have often thought those last ten days of suspense must have been harder for the poor old man to bear than as many years had been before.

There are a good many popular misconceptions of men and things in Washington. One of them is as to the corruption that exists there. The impression that corruption runs riot in Congress and the departments is somewhat fostered, no doubt, by the

Washington novels and plays of the period, in which some scheme of gross dishonesty is usually the principal motive. The fact is that the moral tone of Congress is much higher than that of some of the State legislatures, and the indecent and shameless corruption seen in some of the State capitals is, in these days at least, comparatively unknown there. Anyone who wishes to know how corruption flourished in Albany, for example, in the old days, should read the "Erie Essays" of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and the confessions of William M. Tweed. But even in these latter days dishonesty is organized in Albany, and probably in some other State capitals, in a way that does not seem to be known in Washington. In Albany, the lobbyists have a tariff—so much for a vote for a bill in all its stages in passing through the Assembly; so much for a vote in an Assembly committee; so much for a vote in a Senate committee, and so much for a vote in the Senate, the Senate rates being usually about double those in the Assembly. The lobbyists have pay-rolls, and their legislative retainers usually designate some one near the head of the alphabet who is to steer the rest on every important roll-call. Where there is so much legislation affecting district interests, especially of a corporate character, there is a wide field for "strikers," and by the end of a session any observant newspaper correspondent could probably check off the list of members almost every man who has been taking pay from the lobbyists.

But in Washington the members are generally of a higher class, and the proportion of men of strict integrity is, there is good reason to believe, a large one. Very often they are men who stand high in their communities, are leaders in business, the professions, society, and the church, and even when they are not altogether scrupulous, they are above vulgar bribe-taking. There is corruption, of course, and the itching palm is still greased with a piece of white paper, but the heyday of bribery is over. The war period has passed. The Pacific Railroads are built. Most of the legislation which comes before Congress is general and political. It is the exception when it touches a private interest. When there

is a corrupt scheme on foot, the plan is, apparently, to buy a few useful men here and there, and trust to them to push the bill through, as if on its merits. If the committee can be secured, that is a long step toward securing the House.

Direct corruption loses some of its attractions when indirect corruption is more profitable and less risky. Stock-speculating has, probably, taken the place of bribery to a certain extent. If a committee can push forward or retard a bill so as to depress or raise a certain stock, meanwhile operating in it themselves with full knowledge of what they intend to do ultimately, they can make plenty of money, and yet stand in fear of no one. There will be no incriminating letters or checks hanging over them. Stock-speculating, of one sort and another, goes on to a great extent in Congress. There is a "ticker" in the corridor leading from the House of Representatives, and members may often be seen holding the tape. Much of the speculation is simply on that floating "information" of which there is always an abundance about Washington; some of it is like that just described—speculation with a purpose. A number of the Wall Street houses employ men, usually correspondents for the minor newspapers, to obtain information for them of movements that are likely to affect stocks. They are likely to have relations with various members which are probably profitable to both. One of these scouts asked a member of a House committee what was to be done with a certain bill. Said he, "If you want it for the newspapers, I won't tell you; if you want it for yourself, I will." His interlocutor "wanted it" for himself, and the member proceeded: "You see," said he, "the public has been discounting what we're going to do, and they've got the stock way up. Now we're going to hold off a little while to let the stock drop again, and give the committee a chance!"

Secrets are often valuable in Washington. When the Ways and Means Committee decided to increase the tax on whisky to two dollars a gallon, a number of fortunes are said to have been made within a small circle of men. In the dark days of '64 a Treasury clerk kept for twenty-four

hours a secret known only to President Lincoln and Secretary Chase besides himself. When it became officially known, it sent gold flying up, and the country was in dismay. It was a secret, too, that could have been passed on without harming the Union cause. It was simply a question of keeping faith till the time came. An hour after the news broke, the clerk fairly staggered under a terrific slap on his shoulder. He heard and saw a banker whom he knew well. "You miserable fool!" cried the banker, "I'd have given you one hundred thousand dollars to have known this twenty-four hours ago!" And the banker could have well afforded to do it. But the clerk had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done his duty, as many another government officer has done under circumstances of temptation.

If the current belief of the capital is to be trusted, however, there has been a great deal of speculation in government information, and still is; and some of the men who have made their fortunes out of it sit in high places. The "speculative statesman" is by no means a myth, and when our excellent friend, *Colonel Sellers*, speaks of *Senator Dikworthy* as such "a good man," because when he went into Congress he wasn't worth a cent, and "now he's worth a million," the *Colonel* strikes home. *Senator Dikworthy* has been continuously a member of that honorable body for many years, and there has never been a time when he did not sit in several seats and vote under various names. But the senator does not believe himself a corrupt man. He has constructed for himself a code of morals, in which stock-speculating with official information is no more immoral than the acceptance of a large retaining fee from a corporation which has occasion at times to come to Congress for legislation. I have seen a senator stand in his seat when the vote was called on an item in the River and Harbor bill, and call to the senators around him to vote for it, which they did. The appropriation would benefit his large interests along the river in question. This was known to every one on the floor, and well understood in the press gallery, at least. But according to the code of morals

the senator had constructed, this was an entirely proper transaction; and those of his colleagues who voted with him seemed to see no fault in it. Doubtless some of them had rivers in the bill, too. For fear, however, that Congress shall seem to be rated even in this description below its real character, let me say that, while it is the fashion to abuse Congress, or, in a word, to abuse in the aggregate and as a body the same men who as individuals and at home are usually regarded as men of consequence and standing, the moral tone of Congress is even high for a general legislative body. The judges of the Supreme Court are not more austere in their integrity than very many of the senators and members.

Another misconception of men and things in Washington may be worth mentioning—as to the decorum of Congress. There seems to be an impression that it is a most disorderly body—that disgraceful scenes of riot and confusion are daily enacted there. The truth is, that Congress is characteristically American in its gravity, not to say dullness. There is, to be sure, a good deal of slouchiness in its manners. A member will sometimes be seen with his feet on the desk before him; but he points his boot-soles at the galleries with the solemnity of an Indian. Here and there, at the back of the great hall of the House, will be seen a member smoking a cigar, although the House is in session, and the gallery above may be filled with ladies, whose eyes are sometimes made to smart by the faint blue vapor that comes up from the floor. Members or senators may often be seen taking official naps on the official sofas at the sides of the hall, though more often, especially in the Senate, they retire discreetly into the cloak-rooms. When members are reading speeches the rest of the body pays little or no attention, and the spectator in the gallery sees nearly three hundred men seated at their handsome desks either writing letters or reading newspapers, or talking with their neighbors. The scene has a disorderly look, but it is not disorderly after all. The other incidents named are breaches of good manners, but they hardly constitute disorder. The debates are usually prosy and wearisome and well-behaved to a striking degree. Even

when they are exciting, the usual effect is only to make the body more dignified, because the members pay better attention, and many gather around the speakers instead of strolling about the floors. The screeching and tumult we read of in descriptions of the French Corps Législatif, or the coughing and shouting down of tiresome and obnoxious members in the House of Commons, or the insulting interruptions to Mr. Gladstone that have become common of late, have no parallel in Congress. Away back in *ante-bellum* days there were pistols drawn in the Senate, as when Henry S. Foote showed his weapons, and Benton, tearing open his vest, roared, "Let the d——d assassin shoot!" There were pitched battles with fists, too, and Preston Brooks assaults. But the "turbulent" and "disgraceful" scenes of to-day are when the minority make a teapot uproar of half an hour by points of order and appeals over a ruling by the speaker, or some peremptory motion by the majority. The Senate is at almost all times as dull as a church synod, though its manners are not always as good.

One interesting feature of Washington life is the existence of the numerous literary societies. There is one conspicuous society limited to forty, which included President Garfield, Justice Field, of the Supreme Court; Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and

other people of distinction among its members. Then there are others less conspicuous, made up of cultivated people, many of them in the departments, who meet at each other's houses, read papers, chat and enjoy themselves. Some member will read a paper on which he has spent as much care as he would have done in preparing it for a magazine. This is literary enjoyment for its own sake, without any thought of the newspapers. Then farther down the scale come the literary societies which Dickens and Du Maurier ought to have combined to describe. They comprise poetasters, tenors, pianists, essayists, hobby-riders, all of the smallest dimensions, all anxious for an audience, and all ready to suffer in turn provided each can have an opportunity to add a little to the aggregate of woe. The outsider—like the undersigned—who has never attended a gathering of this type, need not lack for information of it, however. By a singular coincidence, there is always some one present to write a full account of the proceedings for some of the local papers, which is sweetly signed "Little Pussie" or "Birdie-in-the-Corner," and which carefully mentions all the performers—including the real names of "Little Pussie" and "Birdie-in-the-Corner."

Probably this is as good a time as any to fold up these eye-glasses and put them away.

DAVID D. LLOYD.

THE CRY OF THE DOUBTER.

If we could go some day
 Before Age claims us for his prey,
 Drop out of all this strife
 That we call life,
 And without coward fears,
 Or fainting flesh, or wasting tears,
 Find suddenly the land
 Of all our dreams, and stand
 There, face to face with treasure lost,
 The friends whose dread departure cost
 Our souls such sore distress,
 Such agonies of wretchedness,—
 If we could go like this,
 With consciousness of bliss
 Set full before us, who would stay

To linger on the way
Through weary year by year
Till time was ripe and sere,
With length of days and loss?
But set upon the cross
Of mystery and pain
We wait and wait again,
Perhaps through threescore years
Of doubting hopes and fears,
And at the end we say,
"Ah, what a little day
Of joy is life, and long, oh long,
The day of pain." Then from the throng
We drop away, while others sigh,
Bending above our clay and cry
As we have cried, "Why should we wait like this
In darkness and in doubt; why miss
So much of life in wasting pain?"
Oh mystery of loss and gain,
Behind your veil what answer lies?
Is it some splendor of surprise
That consciousness might here defeat—
Some joy too high for us to meet
One moment even, face to face,
While thus within earth's dull embrace
The fetters of the flesh we stand?
Are we upon the border-land
Of greater life thus blindly driven,
Lest if some sudden glimpse were given
Of that near Heaven we could not stay
To wait upon Time's slow delay,
But in some moment rash might break
The bond of flesh and boldly take
Both law and life in eager hands,
Part once for all these mortal bands
To reach that glory, far, yet near,
That we had glimpsed—that radiant sphere
That holds the payment of all pain?
Oh mystery of loss and gain,
Is this the meaning of it all—
The doubt the darkness and the pall
That shuts us in? O Christ! O God!
If once you rolled away the sod
And lifted death to life for eyes
Of earth—if once that high surprise
You dared to give—for us once more
Who languish on this barren shore
Of doubting times, whose blighting bale
Has girt us round, lift up the veil,
Roll back the sod, and give us grace
To look beyond this narrow space!

NORA PERRY.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY.

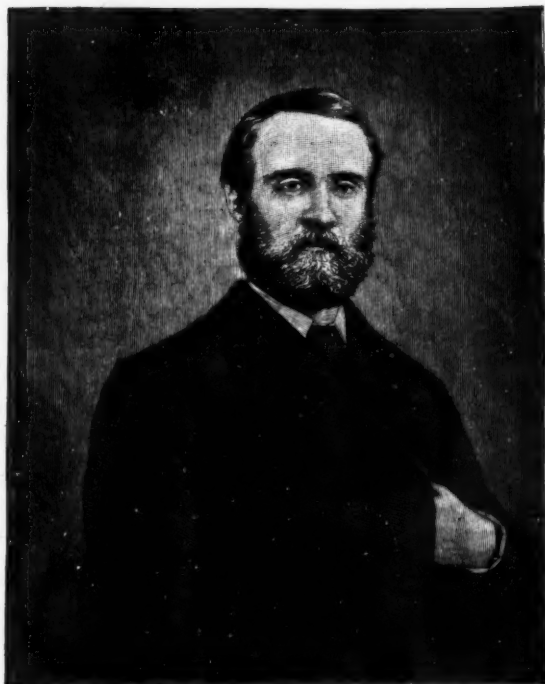
DURING the session of the English Parliament which has just ended, two things have been conclusively put beyond all doubt: the one by the session itself; the other by the by-elections that have taken place in Ireland since the year opened, notably those of Monaghan, Mallow, Wexford and Sligo. The first is Mr. Parnell's power, with a working-party of barely thirty-five members, to bring the entire British Parliamentary machine of six hundred members to a standstill by merely using the forms of the House and playing off one English party against the other. The second is the fact that, after the next general election Mr. Parnell's working-party will be increased to between sixty and eighty members, and that the complexion of these Nationalists will be vastly more revolutionary than that of many members who now go by this name. If Mr. Parnell can effect so much with a party of thirty-five, what may he not hope to do with a party of sixty or eighty? This is the question which is being asked with deep anxiety in England to-day. More especially since nothing is more certain than that when the general election takes place, which may be at any moment, the English party that wins will win by but a narrow majority—narrow enough to permit of the Irish, at any moment, by throwing in their vote with the other side, converting it into a minority.

The fact is that this situation will practically place Parliament at the mercy of Mr. Parnell, and enable him to create a crisis which an armed insurrection raging all over Ireland could not provoke. The insurrection, which would furnish a pretext for resorting to material force, would very likely prove to be only a way out of the dilemma. But the Irish leader, wreaking his will upon the great palladium of British liberty and the "bulwark of the constitution," which generations of Englishmen fought to perfect, as arbitrarily as ever

Charles Stuart dreamed of doing so, would be acting by virtue of the cherished spirit of the very constitution itself. It is on such a crisis as this that the Irish parliamentary party counts. There would be no escape from it for the English but by acceding to the demands of the Irish Nationalists for a parliament of their own in Dublin.

To be assured that there is nothing speculative about this calculation, it is only necessary to study the English press as it gloomily realizes what is coming. One suggestion of English optimists is, that when the Irish get too strong the English parties can unite against them. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, the organ of the advanced Liberal party on that point says: "There will be no such union of the English parties. It would not last a month. The disorganization of our public life will continue, restlessness in Ireland will be unabated, more money will come in from America, and in the long run both English parties will have to come to terms with Mr. Parnell. The hour is coming when even the most optimistic observer will allow that, since the Ballot Act, a real revolution has been going on in Ireland, and a revolution of so peculiar a kind that it cannot be dealt with by the sword. Force is no remedy here." From the directly opposite point of view the same conclusion is arrived at. The *St. James's Gazette*, the most representative organ of the Tory party, says: "Mr. Parnell will have it in his power to paralyze the energies of Parliament. We shall find ourselves in the presence of three alternatives. We must consent to see English political life utterly disorganized, or we must grant to Ireland whatever measure of home rule it claims, or we must disfranchise the country." The mention of the third alternative is not serious; it is introduced merely to cover the retreat.

Thus, what the Irish have been struggling for in vain through seven fevered centuries



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M. P. FOR CORK CITY.

From a photograph by O. A. Kenefick, Lawrence, Mass.

of wars, insurrections and conspiracies seems at last about to be accomplished through the agency of a small party of adroit politicians using the forms of a constitutional parliament. For many reasons, therefore, it will be interesting to consider what manner of men these are who are chiefly instrumental in bringing about this important political crisis.

Mr. Parnell, the leader of the Irish Parliamentarians, has many attributes which in a leader make special appeal to Irish sentimentalism. His ancestry is a guarantee of his being a thorough-going patriot after the Irish heart and an enemy of Ireland's enemy. Through his ancestor, Sir John Parnell, "the incorruptible," who was Chancellor of the Exchequer and subsequently Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and who, spurning all bribes of title and wealth, resigned his office with such pathetic dignity sooner than support the Union, he is

linked with the patriotism of the proud era of 1782. Sir Henry Parnell, too, afterward Baron Congleton, who had been a colonel of the Volunteers, and whose works on the "Penal Laws" and the disabilities of the Irish Catholics, and whose advocacy in the English Parliament after the Union, as the ally of Grattan and Plunkett, did so much to pave the way for Catholic emancipation, connects the present Irish leader with another patriotic time. From the maternal side the blood of Judge Tudor, of Boston, and of Mr. Parnell's grandfather, the late Admiral Stewart, of the American Navy, flows in his veins; so that he comes of a stock which furnished tough foes of the English connexion both to Ireland and America. The Irish sentiment, it must be confessed—perhaps it is because for centuries it has been nourished on traditions of past glory and lost heritages—has a weakness for aristocracy; and the fact of Mr. Parnell being

an aristocrat—he is connected through his relative, Lord Powerscourt, with the nobility of Ireland, and through his cousin, Lord Congleton, with the peerage of England—who stepped down from his high estate to enter the ranks of the people, is another circumstance appealing to the imagination of his poetic countrymen.

The mixture of the American and the Englishman in Mr. Parnell's character—but the American chiefly, for the Englishman is more a surface trait—makes it the complement of the mercurial and emotional temperament of the people whom he leads. He is practical and wide-awake, and under the most trying circumstances is able to keep his feelings well in hand. It is this great power of restraint which distinguishes him from almost all other Irishmen who have been in a similar prominent position. No characteristic has served him to better purpose in his career in the House. In the beginning of his campaign of obstruction, whenever he would rise to make a speech, it was his lot to be greeted with those demonstrations of disapproval for which the six hundred kings of England have earned such peculiar notoriety. With the howling, shrieking, groaning, cat-calling, ass-braying and other choice noises, the House at such times might be Bedlam let loose. Most men would be disconcerted by this demonstration or betrayed into losing temper. Mr. Parnell, amid such scenes, used to stand erect and calm. If the clamor subsided for a moment, he would interject a sentence. If it then began anew, he would become silent again and wait. At length, when through sheer weariness the faithful Commons would desist, he would deliver his speech in deliberate, metallic tones and with exasperating serenity of demeanor. Whether speaking thus, or seated amid the party of which he is the leader among the benches below the gangway, Mr. Parnell's appearance is striking. His face, when his mind is actively at work, and when all his attention is demanded by a debate in which there is friction of sentiment between men who hate each other, as many of the Irish members and many of the English members who glare at them from the opposite benches very cordially do, is as pale as if

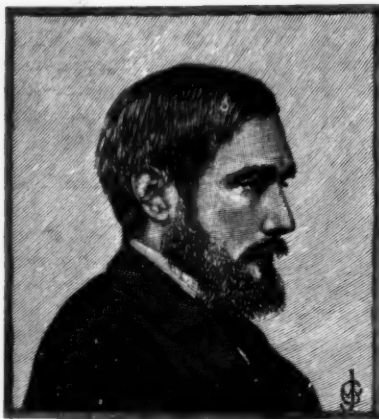
it were cut in marble, and its features are set as rigidly. It is hard to say which makes most impression on the hostile hundreds who make him their cynosure—the round, combative head, the high, white forehead, the eye, so steady and glittering,

“of less expression

Than resistance, coldly casting off the looks of other men
As steel, arrows—”

or the strong lower-face, the well-cut mouth that closes firmly after every phrase, or even the lithe, straight, haughty figure, which tells such a story of determination and power. The most critical and startling things Mr. Parnell does with equal coolness and decision. Yet that cold manner is not the reflex of a disposition as bloodless—as often as not it is the marble barrier which keeps a surging passion in check. Americans cannot be expected to understand the implacable hostility which is waked up so often in the far hours of the night in that parliament where the representatives of two races, who feel that there are seven centuries of blood and wrong between them, meet in antagonism—the arrogance of numbers on the one hand met by scorn and defiance from a consciousness of a certain power on the other. Sometimes this passion boils up in the breast of the Irish leader. It betrays itself in a sibilant tone added to the voice, and a certain light in the brown eye not noticeable there before. On rare occasions—and these are very rare indeed—Mr. Parnell permits his feelings to overmaster him. Then, indeed, he is a remarkable figure, his face white, even ghastly, and every sentence he utters falling like the lash of a whistling whip; as on that memorable night, for instance, not so long ago, when, with the House full, and in the presence of the Prince of Wales and ministers and plenipotentiaries of foreign states and princesses and peeresses of the realm of England, who had assembled in the galleries to hear him, he made Mr. Forster wince under his blows.

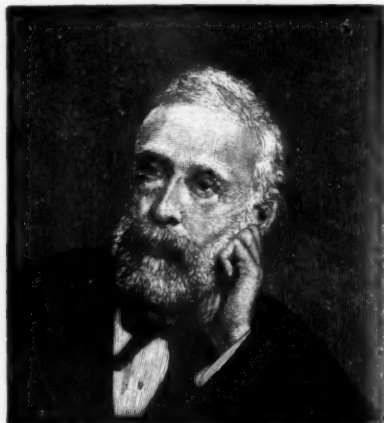
His manner and bearing are at all times the essence of calm dignity and that good-breeding which comes of being sure of one's position. He speaks with the accent of the English upper classes; and this accent and



JOHN DILLON.

From a photograph by J. W. Black & Co., Boston.

his manner, derived from his education in the University of Cambridge, are perhaps the attributes in which his Englishism mostly consists. The Irish leader's tact in handling the party of which he is chairman is one of the most remarkable of his qualities. Besides keeping them under restraint when they would be less continent than he, he has the gift of inspiring them with confidence and enthusiastic attachment. When work is to be done he sets the example by far outstripping them all in energy; for his energy—whether he is manœuvring an all-night fight in the House or traveling over Ireland at lightning speed, addressing a dozen meetings in a week—is as indomitable as his will. Mr. Parnell's genius is opportunism. He is admitted to be the greatest master of parliamentary tactics in the House of Commons. He has proved that beyond all question, by what he has effected with his handful of a party against the two great political parties of England. The late session of Parliament is his most striking record yet. It opened by Government announcing that the Irish question would be now shelved in order to give a chance to English and Scotch business with which the session would be entirely taken up. It ended by no English or Scotch business worth speaking of having been done, and by the Irish question having been, night and day, the first and the last topic with

T. D. SULLIVAN, M. P. for Westmeath, Editor of the *Dublin Nation*.

From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

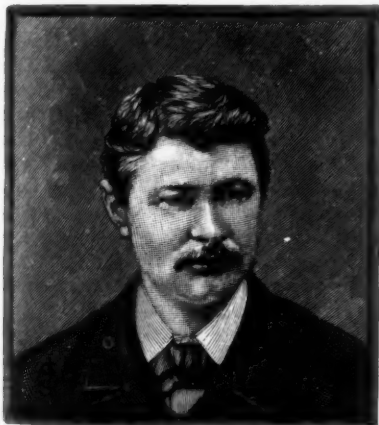
which the session was occupied. Mr. Parnell long ago reached the degree of respect in the House when members flock into the chamber to hear him whenever he begins to speak; and this not because of any gift of oratory, for he pretends to none, but on account of the almost oracular habit he has maintained of never speaking except when he has something significant to say. The growth of respect for him in England generally is as notable, in its way, as the wonderful popularity, with almost all classes, which he has now attained in Ireland. The respect is mingled with an odd sense of fear begot of a certain mystery and desperation with which the man and his designs are associated in the average English mind, and of the taste which he has given of his power, in the long run, to carry these designs into execution. His best mark is made among the educated and advanced liberal class, which will be the dominant class of the future in England; and he now can number among his staunchest admirers and believers in him Mr. Gladstone himself, to begin with, who, it is an open secret, is only restrained by the predominance of the Whig element in his cabinet from giving the Irish more readily what he intends to give in the future; Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain, both members of the present cabinet; and Mr. John Morley ed-

itor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Mr. Labouchere, editor of *Truth*, both certain to be members of the next cabinet; as well as the Passmore Edwards, the Arnolds, the Thompsons, the Cowens, and the Storeys of the Radical party.

The Irish Parliamentary party furnishes a singular testimony to Mr. Parnell's judgment of human character. Many of its members are Nationalists only in name—"nominal Home Rulers," Mr. Gladstone very aptly dubbed them; but these were in Parliament before Mr. Parnell was made leader of the party, and at the next election they will give place to Nationalists of a less equivocal stamp. But of the members who really represent the force of the Irish party, the majority are young men, whom Mr. Parnell selected himself, and who were unknown in politics before the general election of 1880. One of the phenomena of present Anglo-Irish politics is the growth of the reputation of these young men. It is no exaggeration to say—it has been said over and over again by the English press—that they form the brightest group of representatives in the House of Commons; "a formidable array of eloquent and forcible men," Mr. Trevelyan, the Chief Secretary, calls them when he dolefully complains of their assaults. They include better speakers, debaters, tacticians and

legislators than any group of similar number which could be chosen from the six hundred. They are able, well-educated, clear-headed men, with all the Irish vivacity and versatility, and with the added seriousness of purpose by which the Irish national character since the famine-time has been strengthened. The amount of these qualities, which in America are expressively included under the term "grit," which they have displayed through many such fights as the English Parliament never witnessed in its history, have called forth nothing short of the amaze of the two nations that looked on at it. Ireland is teeming with young men of this class, and a new crop of such reputations may be looked for after the next general election.

The vice-chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party is Mr. Justin McCarthy, member for Longford. Mr. McCarthy is not unknown in the United States, where he spent nearly three years, during which he visited thirty-five of the thirty-seven States. He holds a distinguished place in the literary world as an historian, novelist, essayist and journalist. His "History of Our Own Times" has been the most popular narrative of contemporaneous events that has been published; while his novels, which are marked by grace of style and scholarly polish, have all been successful. Besides



T. P. O'CONNOR,
M. P. for Galway.

From a photograph by A. Lesage, Dublin.



EDMUND DWYER GRAY, M.P. for Carlow County,
Proprietor of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

the "History of Our Own Times," he is the author of "The Waterdale Neighbors," "My Enemy's Daughter," "Lady Judith," "A Fair Saxon," "Linely Rocheford," "Miss Misanthrope," "Donna Quixote;" of "Con Amore," a volume of critical essays, and "Prohibitory Legislation in the United States," an account of the working of the liquor laws in Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Iowa and other States of the Union. He has contributed to the *London Review*, *Westminster Review*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Nineteenth Century* and several English magazines and some American periodicals. He is also a political writer for one of the London daily papers. Mr. McCarthy is a most useful and devoted member of the Irish National party. Among the society in which he moves in London, which comprises most of the leading thinkers, authors and statesmen of the day, he has done much toward advancing a proper understanding of the Irish cause. He is always listened to with respect in the House, where, though not an orator, he has delivered some remarkable speeches. Among these was his reply to Mr. Forster the night after the latter's attack on Mr. Parnell with reference to the supposed "revelations" of the informer Carey. Mr. Forster, who had delivered quite a homily on political assassination, was disgusted to find himself confronted with some of the sentiments he and his friends had uttered in their parliamentary speeches some twenty years before, when they were champions of Mazzini and the apostles of political assassination on the Continent. Mr. McCarthy's son, Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, who recently published an "Outline of Irish History," will very likely be his father's colleague in the representation of Longford in the next Parliament, *vice* Mr. Errington, removed.

Long before many prominent members of the Irish party dreamed of entering Parliament—before even Mr. Parnell himself was a member of the House, Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, member for Cavan, had inaugurated the policy which first made the Irish party an effective force in the English legislature. Mr. Biggar is the father of "obstruction." In the American House of Representatives obstruction is a familiar tactic; there it is

called "filibustering." But in the English Parliament, until that April night in 1875, when Mr. Biggar drove the Commons into consternation with his memorable five hours' speech, obstruction proper was unknown. Mr. Biggar had learned, during his parliamentary experience, that no attention was paid to what the Irish representatives had to say, whether they supported a bill or opposed one. He resolved to put an end to this neglect by using the forms of the House, to block English legislation until what he had to say was listened to. When Mr. Parnell entered Parliament in 1875 he became an ardent ally of Mr. Biggar's, and both began in concert that career of obstruction which culminated in the secession from the moderate leadership of Mr. Butt, and the formation of an active Irish party, with Mr. Parnell as leader and Mr. Biggar as its first-lieutenant. The policy of obstruction, in itself objectionable, is the right of small minorities, who have no other way of making themselves felt. It was quite effectual with the Irish party, and, if it is not oftener resorted to by them now, it is because the necessity has almost disappeared; the House is now willing to listen to men who, it knows, have the power to insist upon being heard, whether it likes or not. Joe Biggar, as he is familiarly called by his friends, is one of the "characters" of the House. In reality a man of great shrewdness and breadth of mind and of the warmest of honest Irish hearts, he adds to an intense hatred of England and all things English—which is his master-passion—a humor of a quaint and even elfin character. He is a hunchback, and his appearance adds to the effect of his style. To see Mr. Biggar in his glory it should be on one of those occasions when, entering with an armful of blue books, he makes the Commons of England flee before him like a panic-stricken enemy, or yell in their dismay. It is Mr. Biggar's delight to talk to empty benches or amid the bellows of British rage. On Wednesday evenings, for instance, the debate must summarily close at six o'clock, and the member who has been speaking continues the debate next day. Mr. Biggar wants to obstruct a measure, and he enters smiling with his pile of

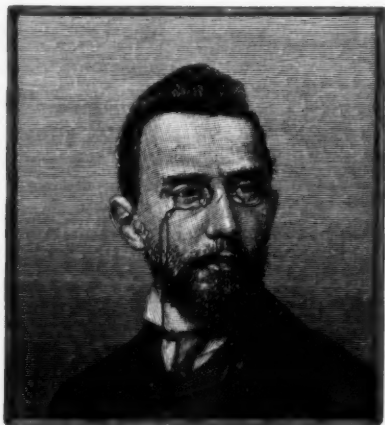


JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR, M. P. for Cavan.

From a photograph by A. Lesage, Dublin.

blue books. The moment he rises there is consternation, for the faithful Commons know that Mr. Biggar, with one eye on the clock and another on the blue book, will go on eking out his speech with extracts, read in a grating and monotonous voice, until the minute-hand marks the hour of six. At first they howl and shriek, and then, turning round and talking in loud voices to each other, play the indifferent. But it is of no avail. Mr. Biggar reads on placidly, caring nothing whether they hear him or not; all he wants is to talk the House out. At such times homely Joe Biggar seems transfigured. A light o'er-spreads his face; those quaint and elfin features look glorified. It is Mr. Biggar's hour of rapture—he is in possession of the supreme enjoyment of worrying the detested Briton. Mr. Biggar's happy hunting-ground is among the four or five hundred stolid mediocrities of the rank and

file of the British representation. There he goes about seeking victims. There are certain English members over whom Mr. Biggar exercises a sort of mesmeric influence. These are country members who occasionally desire to get off a speech in order to make a show of doing something before their constituents. The member for Mudford-on-Podge rises with the carefully prepared copy of his oration, which he is going to mail to the Mudford weekly *Bulwark of the Constitution*, in his hand. He looks nervously round for Mr. Biggar. Happiness! The tormentor is not to be seen. He begins, but he has scarcely got through his opening sentences when Mr. Biggar pops up like an imp from a bench right opposite him, and, seating himself in a conspicuous place where all the House can see him, and curling up his legs till his chin rests between his knees, begins to leer and snigger at the honorable member, and to



T. M. HEALY,
M. P. for Monaghan.

From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

interject loud "hear-hears" at the most absurd points. Invariably this proves too much for the poor victim, who breaks down in his speech before the House has got to understand what he had been talking about. Whereupon Mr. Biggar retires to the lobby and treats himself to a teetotal drink. It would make quite an interesting volume to describe the thousand and one crafty ways in which Mr. Biggar "lays for" the little bills of such members as this. One has a bill with reference to a little water-works; another wants a new gas company chartered for some country town. Surely Mr. Biggar will let these alone, or cannot know of them even. After long waiting, the opportunity for introducing one of these bills, at last arrives. The member produces it—and discovers that the little innocent is dead, with Mr. Biggar's knife stuck through its body. A "blocking motion" of the evil genius has caused it to be shelved "till that day six months;" and the member withdraws broken-hearted with a peal of uncanny laughter from somewhere on the Irish benches ringing in his ears.

Mr. Dillon—or John Dillon, without the "Mr.," as he is affectionately styled in Ireland—is one of the romantic figures of the Irish party. He is not now a member of Parliament, having resigned his seat for



WILLIAM O'BRIEN,
M. P. for Mallow and Editor of *United Ireland*.

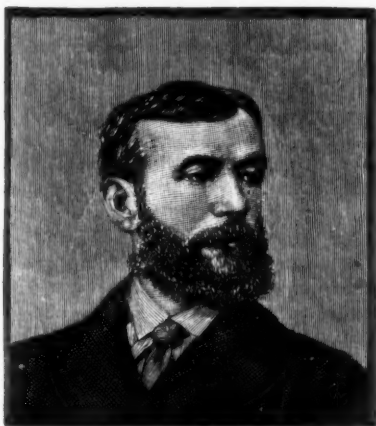
From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

Tipperary some six months ago; but as his absence from politics is only temporary—while he is recouping his health by change of climate—and as his personality has been so marked a characteristic of the Nationalist party, it is necessary to mention him here. Mr. Dillon inherited from his father, the noble-souled and courtly John Blake Dillon, of Young Ireland memory, a claim on the love and admiration of his people. That claim Mr. Dillon has proved his right to on his own account. The pale, spiritual face, with the beautiful deep-brown eyes set in a frame of raven hair and beard, that might have been the original of some face of Fra Angelico's, is the reflex of a character as pure and spiritual and as mediæval in its sensitive chivalry. Mr. Dillon entered the present Irish movement because he took in the spirit of Irish nationalism with his blood, and because by his nature he was bound to be an enthusiast in some cause. The scenes of suffering from hunger and tyranny, which he witnessed in the famine period of 1879–80, had an intense effect upon him. He studied no art to conceal the emotion that these scenes aroused in his breast. He spoke the truth with terrible frankness both in the House of Commons and in Ireland; and the unreserve with which he mentioned the most desperate alternatives, and perhaps the re-

membrance of his pallid face and delicate frame, associated him in the English mind with the idea of a sort of misty, nebulous Robespierre. When addressing an Irish multitude during the land agitation, with uncovered head, he seemed to be inspired. A French journalist—the correspondent of *La France*—voiced an idea which was in the minds of many who often heard him, when he said that Dillon's face reminded him of the picture of the Messiah. He is loved in Ireland with a peculiar love; it is nearest to the sentiment of a mother for her favorite child. He, on the other hand, always speaks of the Irish as "my people," in a way which in his mouth gives the phrase a strange, patriarchal significance. Mr. Dillon, during Mr. Forster's refined *régime*, was twice thrust into prison as one "reasonably suspected of inciting to murder." Each time he was released after several months on the assurance of the prison doctor that the confinement was killing him—though Mr. Dillon himself disdained to make any complaint—and he is now endeavoring to repair the havoc then made on a very frail constitution. Apart from his political position, Mr. Dillon is a man of wide education. He is a doctor by profession, having been recently graduated out of the Catholic University, but a private fortune relieves him from the necessity of practicing. Previous to the land agitation he was

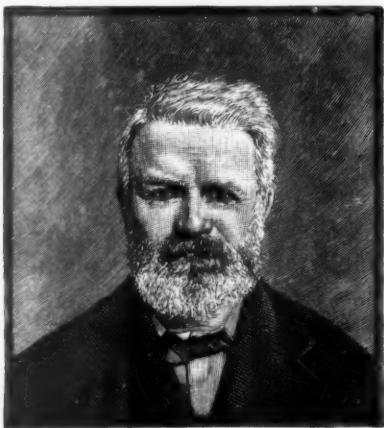
Demonstrator of Anatomy in the Ledwich School of Medicine, Dublin, for a short time, and while there distinguished himself by making some discoveries which have proved of importance to science. His brother is Mr. William Dillon, who has written some works on political economy, and who is now practicing as counsel in the Colorado law courts.

No Irish movement would be complete without its poet, and Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Member for Westmeath, is the poet of the Irish movement of the present day. Mr. Sullivan belongs to a family of distinguished patriots, his brother being Mr. A. M. Sullivan, who was recently in this country, and who, until he had to retire from politics in order to attend to his business at the English bar, was one of the Nationalist leaders and one of the most powerful orators in Parliament. Mr. T. D. Sullivan is now editor and proprietor of the *Dublin Nation*, which his brother edited for many years of the interval which elapsed between Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's—its original editor—departure from Ireland and the close of the Fenian period. In the *Nation* most of Mr. Sullivan's poetry was first published. It consisted mainly of lyrical pieces, which, set to popular airs, were a potent force both in keeping alive the National spirit before the land agitation and inspiring the people to action during its progress. One of



THOMAS SEXTON, M. P. for Sligo.

From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.
VOL. II.—No. 4.—54.



THOMAS MAYNE, M. P. for Tipperary.

From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

Mr. Sullivan's pieces, "God Save Ireland," has become, in a sense, the Irish National Anthem. Many historical and legendary poems of his and others not political have also been published; all of them breathe the spirit of true poetry and exalted patriotism. Besides editing the *Nation*, the *Weekly News* and *Young Ireland*, a literary periodical, Mr. Sullivan has written an "Irish History of England" and many historical prose sketches. There is no member of the Irish Nationalists more warmly regarded or highly esteemed by both his colleagues and the people than Mr. T. D. Sullivan.

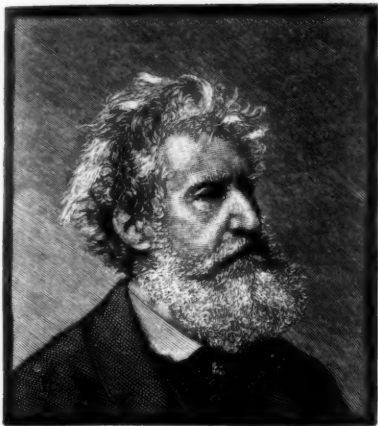
Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray, member for Carlow county, is a prominent member of the Irish party. He is proprietor of the leading daily paper of Ireland, the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*. His father was Sir John Gray, a leading citizen of Dublin, representative in Parliament for Kilkenny and a fellow state prisoner with O'Connell. The Irish public honored Sir John after his death by erecting a statue to him in Sackville street, Dublin's principal thoroughfare. Mr. Gray is a man of great practical ability as a legislator and debater. He is a fluent and argumentative speaker and wields a facile pen, contributing frequently to the editorial columns of his own paper. The citizens of Dublin testified their esteem for him by electing him to the position of Lord Mayor, an office which he filled with dignity and success. In presiding over the affairs of the city and in his management of his enterprising newspaper, he has shown great administrative capacity. The *Freeman's Journal*, as a medium for supplying Ireland with reliable political news—a matter of more difficulty in Ireland than might seem from an American point of view—is a host in itself in nationalist propaganda, though its proprietor is sometimes restrained by his position from taking the pronounced part in the National movement which he might in other circumstances.

One of the members recently named as about to accompany Mr. Parnell on his visit to America is Thomas Power O'Connor, representative of Galway borough. Mr. O'Connor was on a political mission to the

United States before, when he made a very good impression on the American public, and especially on all with whom he came in contact personally. He is a young man of considerable capacity and education, being a graduate of the Queen's University, Galway, in which he ran a distinguished course. He is a pleasing orator and a journalist of high standing in London. The New York public have had a taste of his quality in the latter capacity through his weekly cable letters to a leading metropolitan daily, which are models of terseness and graphic force. His "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" is the most popular book that has yet appeared about that eminent statesman. Personally he is the best of good fellows, and is a strong favorite with his colleagues, and, indeed, with all in the House, except his pronounced enemies.

Mr. Timothy M. Healy's name has been before the public somewhat of late in connection with the important election for Monaghan, at which he was returned triumphantly at the head of the poll over his Whig and Tory opponents. In some respects Mr. Healy is one of the most remarkable members of his party. He has unquestionably the keenest analytical brain among them. Mr. Gladstone paid him the high compliment of declaring that he was one of the very few men in the United Kingdom who had a perfect knowledge of that intricate measure, the Land Act of 1880, and with the only clause in that act of real benefit to the tenants—the efficacy of which, however, a curious decision of the Land Courts has for the present destroyed—his name is associated as its author.

It is to his record with reference to that Healy clause, as much almost as to the reaction in the North toward parliamentary nationalism, that he owes his election for Monaghan. He has a wide acquaintance with political economy and constitutional history, and, during his career in Parliament, has made himself familiar with the most knotty questions of procedure. His distinguishing quality as a speaker is his satire, and a caustic humor all his own, of which he is a consummate master. This serves him to splendid purpose both



THE O'GORMAN MAHON,
M. P. for Clare.

From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

in sustained speaking and debate. In debate he is without peer in the whole house. No one is more dreaded by the prominent English opponents of the Irish party, whom he never fails to silence with his quick stinging repartee. His manner toward his antagonists is truculent and scornful. Some of his forcible expressions are as savage as any uttered by Swift, with the difference that Mr. Healy is irresistibly humorous all the time. Many anecdotes are told of his encounters in the House. Among those whom he utterly discomfited, one is no less an adversary than Mr. John Bright. The manner in which he managed to give the lie direct to Sir William Harcourt, without using unparliamentary language, is worth recounting. Sir William is one of the best hated men among all parties in Parliament. It is related of him that, a set of gentlemen giving a dinner-party having agreed each to select as his guest the most disagreeable man they knew, all of them selected Sir William Harcourt. Sir William, who is a tall, blustering bully as well, was in a state of heroic disagreeableness when he was conducting the Crimes Bill through committee, and was particularly insolent to the Irish members who were opposing the measure. His method was, not to reply to their arguments, but to make a violent personal at-



THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES DAWSON, M. P. for
Carlow, and Lord Mayor of Dublin.

From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

tack upon any member who spoke and to then call for a division. One night he made a more offensive speech than usual, which called the indignant blood to every Irish member's cheek. He was scarcely seated when Mr. Healy rose to reply: "The right honorable baronet who has just sat down," he began, "in the manner and the matter of the speech he has just delivered, forcibly reminds me of those lines of Pope with reference to London's monument, which,

' Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies! '

This stroke literally brought down the House; and Mr. Healey, after a few more stinging sentences, finished his speech, leaving the insolent minister biting his lips in anger and humiliation. One of the curious anomalies to be met with in English administration in Ireland was, that for several months before the Monaghan contest, the author of the Healy clause was in jail on an absurd charge brought under the obsolete statutes of the reigns of Edward III. and Charles II. Mr. Healy, who is quite a young man, was married recently to one of the daughters of Mr. T. D. Sullivan.

The opportunities of Mr. William O'Brien, member for Mallow and editor of *United Ireland*, are before him. He has not been long enough in the House to make his proper

mark there, and yet he has made a mark there. Those who know Mr. O'Brien best believe him to be, in certain respects, the superior of all the party. He has the largest intellect, the widest sympathies, and he approaches nearer to the qualities of genius than any man among them. He is a man of deep erudition; during his university career he performed that feat which is only told of Carlyle—he read every book in the college library and remembers the best of what he read. The fire of his oratory is no counterfeit; it is the real fire from Olympus. He can run the whole gamut of human emotion, and the diction of his speeches, which he never writes out, is marvelously perfect. The Mallow contest, in which he beat the Government attorney-general, was won by sheer dint of the personal charm of his manner and the power of his oratory. The first speech he delivered in the House created a profound impression, and had the distinction, for a maiden effort, of calling forth a violent reply from the Irish Chief Secretary. But it is as a journalist Mr. O'Brien has had until now most chance of making a record. His letters as special commissioner of the *Freeman's Journal* during and before the famine period of 1879–80, were really the pabulum on which the subsequent land agitation was fed. The phenomenal success of *United Ireland*, which he left the *Freeman* to start and edit, was entirely due to the charm and vigor of his writings. The paper went through the country like wildfire, for the words that it bore were the voice of what was echoing in the Irish National heart. Mr. Forster bore flattering testimony to its power by locking up its editor and fourteen members of its staff and seizing its every issue during the spell of Irish Russianism; and Lord Spencer subsequently showed how it made him wince by instituting a prosecution for seditious libel against Mr. O'Brien—a prosecution, however, that proved abortive, as the jury would not find a verdict. Mr. O'Brien is a master of literary style. His articles are singularly compact, containing more in half a column than the writing of another would in three times the space, and every sentence fitting into every other as perfectly as bricks in a wall. They bristle with epigram, and

are scathing in their sarcasm, formidable in their logic, terrible in their denunciation, and are always rich and brilliant with allusion and illustration drawn from the stores of the writer's learned memory. In description Mr. O'Brien can be mellifluous, humorous and loftily poetic. Indeed, to those acquainted with his gifts it would seem as if he can be everything he likes by turns and each with the strength and wholeness which belong to his intense and earnest character. The only cause for regret is that in the turmoil of political life the opportunity of a writer of great works may be lost to him and to his country. But the future will tell the truth about that.

Mr. Thomas Sexton, member for Sligo, is the orator *par excellence* of the Irish party. That is to say, that when a case has to be stated, a debate to be opened, a policy to be defended, Mr. Sexton is always selected to do it. His oratory is of the easy, persuasive, explanatory style, and is very graceful in its diction. As an expounder of a case, or a wielder of a complicated argument, Mr. Sexton has been pronounced to be second only to Mr. Gladstone among the members of the House. He has rendered conspicuous service to the National cause, both in Parliament and outside it since the beginning of the land agitation, and is deservedly one of the most popular of the Irish representatives. He is an efficient journalist, and would be bound to make a mark in that capacity did not his Parliamentary duties absorb so much of his time.

Mr. James O'Kelly, member for Roscommon, will be remembered by Americans as the daring correspondent of the *New York Herald* who was arrested in Cuba and sent to Spain under sentence of death for being suspected by the Spanish authorities of having been a spy. He had gone into the lines of the Cuban patriots, and it took all the exertions of the American government and the *Herald* to save him from being executed. In Roscommon he defeated the former representative, the O'Connor Don, the conspicuous Catholic who was so badly beaten in Wexford recently in testing how far a Whig and Tory coalition, and a supposed anti-national reaction, would avail against Mr. Parnell's nominee. Mr. O'Kelly



JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P. for Longford.

From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

is a speaker of considerable ability, and his acquaintance with the principal editors of the French press has been of good service in insuring that public opinion over there shall not be misinformed through the biased channels of the English news agencies. Mr. O'Kelly enjoys much of Mr. Parnell's personal confidence. Recently the honorable member distinguished himself by calling out one of the renegade representatives of the party who had given him personal offense. The latter would not fight, however, but sought the "protection of the House."

The Right Honorable Charles Dawson is Lord Mayor of Dublin and also member of Parliament for Carlow borough. He is a very active and staunch member of the National party. He has been made Lord Mayor of Dublin twice in succession, and had the honor during his term of office of opening the National exhibition and unveiling the

O'Connell monument. He is quite a man of culture for a Lord Mayor, having published many poems and even an opera, besides essays and university addresses. He speaks with fluency in the House of Commons, and dispenses the hospitalities of his Mansion House with dignity and liberality. In this connection it may not be amiss to mention that the Lord Mayor-elect of Dublin for the coming year, Alderman Meagher, is likely to be a Nationalist member of Parliament at the earliest opportunity.

In the erect figure of an octogenarian colonel and descendant of an Irish royal house, who has seen service on many a foreign field, is the present Irish party connected not only with the generation of patriots of O'Connell's day, but with the dim past of Irish history. That fine old Irish gentleman, Colonel The O'Gorman Mahon, who stood on the hustings of the Clare election beside O'Connell, and sat in Parliament

before the Reform Bill, bridges over three generations of Irishmen to represent his native Clare among the patriot party in Parliament to-day. He is one of the oldest members of the House, and yet one of its most vivacious. If he were to sit down and write a book of his life, this veteran duellist and soldier and patriot, who is an honored guest of the principal courts of the Continent, and who knew personally most of the great men of Europe for half a century, what wonderful reminiscences could he not recount! His is one of those picturesque and venerable figures it does every one good to see. He is as eager for an angry tussle in which there is a prospect of worsting the English as the most ardent among his party; and on many a weary all-night debate that white-haired veteran, with the humorous twinkle undimmed in his eyes, and the everlasting flower jauntily stuck in his dress-coat button-hole, sitting there whispering droll anecdotes in his neighbor's ear, has been an inspiration to colleagues who might be his grandsons.

Besides the members of the Irish Parliamentary party above described, there are many more, some of them equally distinguished and all of them above the average in ability, whom it would be interesting to describe also, did the exigencies of space permit. But the above-mentioned comprise those who stamp its character on the party.

Among the others may be mentioned Mr. Leamy, one of the members for Waterford, a man valuable in council and whose modesty alone prevents him from making a brilliant reputation in the House; Mr. Richard Power, another of the members for Waterford, one of the whips of the party, and the gentleman whom the sporting men of the House unanimously select

to make the annual "Derby speech;" Mr. Timothy Harrington, colleague of Mr. Sullivan in the representation of Westmeath, a young man whose letter to the *London Times*, exposing the circumstances of his brother's prosecution, Mr. Trevelyan in the House described as "the most scathing piece of satire since Junius;" Colonel Nolan, member for Galway county, one of the foremost artilleryists of the English army and, until recently, chief whip of the Irish party; Mr. Arthur O'Connor, member for Queens county, unsurpassed as an organizer; Mr. Richard Lalor, his colleague in the representation of Queens county, another fine old heritage of the by-gone days, whose father, "Pat" Lalor, of Tinakill, represented the same county in Parliament before him; Mr. Thomas Mayne, new member for Tipperary, in room of Mr. Dillon; "Phil" Callan, the sturdy representative of Louth, whom the House flocks in to hear whenever he sets out to tomahawk a minister; the two bright young Redmonds, one member for New Ross, and the other the new member for Wexford, who had the honor of beating The O'Connor Don; and Mr. Shiel, member for Meath, and Mr. Kenny, member for Ennis.

Irishmen will miss from this list the names of three Irish representatives of almost transcendent abilities. One is Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, member for Dungarvan, who last month handed in his resignation as a member of the National party. The others are Mr. John O'Connor Power and The O'Donohue, members for Mayo and Kerry respectively, who have deserted the ranks of their countrymen, and who, after the next general election, will never represent an Irish constituency again.

THOMAS P. GILL.



ART AND LITERATURE IN LONDON.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL meetings have been the order of the day here since the close of the London season. This London season is considered, as you know, to begin with the first of May, or a little earlier, being in fact regulated, so old-fashioned are we, by the date of Easter. The great annual race-meeting at Epsom, where the Derby and Oaks are run, is also fixed with regard to the incidence of Easter. The season ends with July, though, under the present ministry it has become the custom to keep Parliament sitting far into the autumn. But even members of Parliament do not remain absolutely in town, but run down as often as possible to the sea-side or their country-seats. The way out of London is easy; the network of railways extending on every side, and enabling the man of business to reside, at least for the time, sometimes as much as sixty and seventy miles from London. The Archæological Institute, the principal society of this kind, held its annual congress this year in Sussex, and people interested in its proceedings were easily able to attend the daily meetings from London. The headquarters were at Lewes, an old-fashioned country town little visited by tourists, though I saw a fair number of American names in the book kept at the castle. I cannot understand how it is that no Americans ever attend these annual meetings. Perhaps they do not know of them; but I hope your readers will forgive me if I assure them that they lose much pleasure in an English visit by neglecting them. For a guinea anyone who likes it gets a ticket for the week's meetings, and has all the advantages of membership for the time being; and that twenty-one shillings could not be better spent than on the Lewes Congress, I am sure you will agree with me, when I tell you that it entitled the payer to the privilege of accompanying Mr. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, in a perambulation of the scene of the great battle for which,

many years ago, he invented or discovered the name of "Senlac," but which most of us are content to call, as our forefathers did, the battle of Hastings. Yet I do not think a single American was of the party, nor did one appear when we visited the strange old-world town of Winchelsea, or the Roman castle of Pevensey, or the red towers of Hurstmonceux, all places which the American tourist habitually frequents, and to which a new interest is imparted when they are seen in the company and under the guidance of the greatest historians and antiquarians of the day. The local societies make two days suffice for their meetings, and usually give way to more festivity on the occasion than the Institute, which of late has declined luncheons and dinners, and set itself resolutely to perform its tasks with as little delay for food as possible. By arranging for carriages and special trains the secretary saves everybody the trouble of looking after himself, and also enables a larger field of operations to be traversed than would otherwise be possible; as it is well known that ordinary English local trains are run upon the principle that at each junction one steams out just before another comes in.

The great sales of the year were continued into August. An act lately passed permits the dispersion of what were long considered inalienable heir-looms. It is easy to understand the great inconvenience of the old law. There are many instances of people living surrounded with priceless pictures and works of art, yet so poor as not to be able to keep a carriage. A man has sometimes impoverished his estate to form a gallery or a library which he has saddled as an heir-loom on his descendants. Such a white elephant was the collection of topographical books gathered by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, at Stourhead, in Wiltshire. It has just been dispersed by Messrs. Sotheby, and has realized the handsome price of £12,000 odd. Of course the

tenant for life cannot touch the principal sum thus obtained, but the interest makes a comfortable addition to his income. Sir Philip Miles, of Leigh Court, near Bristol, has, or had, a magnificent collection of pictures, which were chiefly purchased with the house by his father, or grandfather, having been gathered by a certain Lord Ledespencer in the last century. They have now, of course, become much more valuable than they were then, and Sir Philip, though not exactly a poor man, is by no means wealthy, considering his position and a large family. The sum of £100,000, which is said to have been paid him for the gallery by an American gentleman, will nearly double his income, and connoisseurs at your side of the Atlantic will have good cause for rejoicing. I cannot say that there is much grief expressed at this side. The pictures were hardly available for study at Leigh Court, and may, in reality, be quite as accessible to us in their new home. Still we should have been glad if they could have been secured for our National Gallery which has received of late one addition only of importance, a supposed Velasquez, presented by Sir S. Lumley. The picture is a fine one, by whomsoever painted, and the example set is worthy to be followed here and elsewhere.

The Print-Room at the British Museum is a place of resort very popular with Americans of taste, though hardly known among ourselves. It would surprise some of my fellow-countrymen to be told that we have the finest collection of rare engravings in the world, and that our collection of drawings by great artists is inferior to no other. Yet our treasures are rarely seen, except by some adventurous traveler, who having come a long way is not to be deterred by artificial difficulties. If you called at the Print Room you had first of all to ring a bell, and were then sent down through miles of galleries in charge of an attendant to get a ticket of admission, which was granted you for the day only, on your signing a solemn declaration that you were above eighteen years of age. Then you returned to the Print Room door, if you were not already tired enough, and were shown into a small room without a print or drawing visible. Then you were

asked what you wished to see. If you said Blake, as so many Americans did, or Durer, or Raphael, or Cox, or whatever it was, the artist's work was brought to you in a case or cover. When you had done you asked for another, and so on. If the Museum contains any extra rarities they are not pointed out. You cannot ask for what you have never heard of before. The collection remains practically useless except to a few special students, and has had little or no influence on contemporary artistic education. A movement is being made to remedy this state of things. A few works are already being exhibited on screens, but they crowd the King's Library, and are utterly inadequate. Some propose that the drawings should be exhibited at the National Gallery, near the pictures, and that the prints should remain at the Museum near the library. This is the plan pursued at Paris, and seems to me to work well. But it is, I know, strongly opposed by good judges, and will not at present be carried out. Meanwhile, that some change will be made is clear, for Mr. Sidney Colvin, who is Slade professor of art at Cambridge, and who has done that university good service in organizing and arranging her art collections, has been appointed chief of the department of prints and drawings. Unless I am greatly mistaken Professor Colvin, who comes into office two months hence, will transform the present aspect of the Print Room, and will take care that the British public is made aware of the number and value of its now hidden treasures of drawing and engraving.

Great interest has been excited here among the learned by the supposed discovery of a portion of the Bible in its ancient Hebrew form. It may not be generally known that the oldest manuscripts of the sacred books of the Jews are in Greek, dating, some of them, perhaps, as far back as the second century of the Christian era, and that the most ancient Hebrew manuscript so far identified is a fragment only, containing the prophetic books, which is in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. It comes from the Crimea, where there is a Jewish colony, and has in it the date 916, so that it was probably written in the ninth century or a little earlier. An undated

manuscript which, from the style of the writing and internal evidence, appears to be of nearly coeval antiquity, is in the British Museum. It contains the Pentateuch, and came from a Jewish colony in southern Arabia. It will thus be seen that manuscripts of Hebrew writing are not very ancient, and that the most ancient is dated long since the expulsion of the Jews from Palestine. The fragments now brought to England are in the oldest form of the so-called Phœnician writing, the same writing that occurs on the famous Moabite stone, about which so much has already been said. One other inscription of the same character has been found on the wall of the Pool of Siloam in Jerusalem. So far great suspicion attaches to these fragments, which, if they are genuine, may well date from the time of Hezekiah. Mr. Shapira, by whom they have been brought home, is a dealer in antiquities, and is known to have been grievously deceived in some pottery now at Berlin, which was supposed to bear ancient inscriptions. He tells a curious story of the discovery of these fragments by Arabs, who kept them as amulets and charms; but his account is not well received, and contains obvious contradictions. This, in itself, need not discredit the authenticity of the manuscripts, though it increases the suspicion with which they are regarded. The learned Hebraist, Dr. Ginsburg, has charged himself with the duty of deciphering the writing, which is on leather strips perfectly black with age, dirt or oil, or all together; and has so far made out a considerable portion of the beginning of the Book of Deuteronomy, with many curious and important variations from the received text—important, that is, if the manuscript proves to be genuine. If it does not, a blow will also be struck at the authenticity of the Moabite inscription, and the learned world will have much cause for regret. There are, in fact, only three other examples known of this archaic form of Hebrew. I have already mentioned two; a third is on a broken metal dish and contains a reference to a king named Hiram, whom M. Renan identifies with that Hiram, king of Tyre, who was on such friendly terms with David and Solomon. The case against the

Shapira fragments is clearly stated by Captain Conder in a letter to the *Times* newspaper on the 21st of August, in which he points out the discrepancies and improbabilities in the story of the discovery as narrated by Mr. Shapira. In the same paper there is also a letter from M. Clermont Ganneau, who having been refused leave to examine the fragments by Mr. Shapira, is strongly prejudiced against them; but his letter, though ingenious, fails to convince partly on account of the writer's truly French self-complacency, and partly from his evident animus against Mr. Shapira.

His contention is that the fragments were cut from the end of a synagogue roll, and that they bear marks of having been ruled for other writing. This is very possible, and the theory may lead to a complete discovery of the forgery, if it is one. It seems strange, however, and not easy to believe, that anyone living at present in the semi-barbarous Levant can write in the letters of the ancient Phœnicians with such ease and accuracy as to deceive the experts, even for a moment.

Full accounts of this early writing will be found in two delightful volumes, just published by Mr. Isaac Taylor, on "The Alphabet." I dare say most of your readers have seen them. Mr. Taylor literally leaves no stone unturned to illustrate his subject; and as he traces all our western systems of writing to Egyptian hieroglyphics, its vastness is apparent. I confess I like to think that my crabbed pot-hooks have in them certain elements in common with the wonderful letters inscribed on the monuments of the Nile valley six thousand years ago or more, if it is not heretical to say so. When we write great A, it seems we represent the reed pen of the old Egyptian scribe; when we write little a we represent an eagle. When we write great B we represent a crane; when we write little b we represent a foot. And so on through most of our modern alphabet. G is the basket or ark in which young Moses was set afloat, the "set-off" or "seraph," as printers call it, being the handle. L is a couching lion. M is an owl. F is the crested serpent by which Cleopatra was stung to death, and Z is an ordinary snake.

If your readers should think I am in jest, they have only to refer to Mr. Taylor, who will tell them many other things quite as wonderful.

Among the books of the season, "Altiora Peto" has been a disappointment, especially to those who remember the appearance of a former story. It is "Piccadilly" over again, without the wit which distinguished that wonderful little picture of modern society and with American girls for heroines. The American girl is, as you well know, at a premium in contemporary literature, and though the irreverent writers of the *Saturday Review* make fun of her pretensions, I think she is fairly entitled to her proud position. But "Altiora Peto" makes no sensation, and most people who think of reading the book are waiting till it is all out. There was no such delay when "Piccadilly" was coming out in a magazine. It divided with the assassination of President Lincoln the talk of every table. Lord Palmerston was Premier in those days, and kept Parliament so well in hand that no one cared about politics. The famous assemblies of Lady Palmerston at Cambridge House, in Piccadilly itself, now a club, were being held weekly or oftener; and everywhere the bishop of the Caribbee Islands and Mr. Chandango were eagerly discussed. But Miss Peto awakens no such interest, and it is felt on all sides that Irene Macgillicuddy is avenged—if indeed Mr. Oliphant did write that satire, which I have heard strenuously denied.

Among forthcoming books I hear of a remarkable volume on the Pyramids by Mr. Flinders Petrie, whose researches have been rewarded by the very unusual honor of a grant from the Royal Society. He has measured and surveyed all the nine pyramids at Geezeh, and has made notes also on many of the remaining fifty which still exist in various parts of Egypt. The results are very damaging to the curious theories of Mr. Piazzi Smyth and others, though Mr. Petrie does not refer to any theory in particular, but states things as he finds them. I am told, however, that the believers in Pyramid Revelation now say that their position is so strong that it is quite independent of mere facts and figures; so Mr. Petrie's work may fail to hit the mark. It is to be published among the first books of the coming winter.

Another new book, which will, I doubt not, be warmly welcomed in America, is the lamented Green's "Conquest of England," an account of the long Danish wars. It was left by him in a complete but unrevised state, and is now being passed through the press by his widow and literary executrix. It will probably appear before Christmas. I am informed on good authority that Mr. Walter Besant's life of his friend Palmer, who was murdered in Arabia during the Egyptian war, has sold so well that a substantial sum will accrue to his widow and family, to whose use Mr. Besant devoted the profits of the book.

W. J. LOFTIE.

THE VALE OF SPIRITS.

In deep green woods there lies a fairy glade,
Shut in by tawny hemlocks wild and tall;
Its floor is laid with richest moss, and all
Its round is steeped in most delicious shade.
It is a spot for listening silence made.
Few sounds awake it save the wild bird's call,
And winds that murmur round its forest wall,

Like instruments at airy distance played.
'Tis there a still and stolen guest I lie,
And listen to the weird wood-spirits singing:
I hear their bell-like voices floating nigh,
From arches green and dewy dingles springing;
They pass in elfin song and laughter by—
I hear their clear ha! ha! in deep dells ringing.

O. C. AURINGER.

Recent Literature.

The general histories and accounts of particular campaigns of our Civil War are developing into such a large library, and the military operations of the war were so vast and so complicated, that it has become a difficult thing, for those especially who have grown up since the war ended, to get a clear idea of the contest as a whole, with the relations of its numerous parts to each other. This younger generation of readers, as well as not a few of the older generation, are under obligations to Mr. Theodore Ayrault Dodge, of the United States Army, for *A Bird's-eye View of Our Civil War*,* just issued in an octavo, which, in paper, typography, press-work and binding, is a very handsome piece of book-making. Mr. Dodge—whose modesty prevents our giving his military title—in a prefatory letter to his son, declares his object to be to present a skeleton of the military operations, giving to the civilian a lucid outline map of the war as a military whole, “paying no heed to individual heroism nor dwelling upon the war as a spectacle.” This object has been admirably attained. The outline here presented covers the whole contest and everything of importance in it. But it is a good deal more than a skeleton. With the narrative of operations are mingled brief but well considered criticisms of the campaigns and those who planned and executed them. Full justice is done to Confederate generals, the great military merits of some of whom are clearly set forth. Mr. Dodge's short, crisp sentences, and his pen-pictures, done with a free hand, make the volume very interesting reading, while forty-five maps and charts aid well the perspicuous narrative. A glossary of military terms and index add to its value. The work is thoroughly done, and is as fair as it is able. No one who wishes to get a comprehensive idea of the entire Civil War within a moderate compass will fail to keep Mr. Dodge's book in his library.

Among those who are strongly impressed with the idea that the times are “out of joint”

* *A Bird's-eye View of Our Civil War*. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge, United States Army. 8vo., pp. 346. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

is Mr. William Goodwin Moody. He is of opinion that the inventions and improvement in machinery used in manufactures and agriculture, the immense—which he calls bonanza—farms at the West, and the enormous grants of land to railroads, have produced armies of idlers and beggars who can find no work, who fill our insane asylums and prisons to overflowing, while at the same time enormous wealth has been placed in the hands of a few. The country, according to Mr. Moody, in consequence of the evils under which it is suffering, is threatened with a catastrophe, the means of averting which he sets forth in a volume he has just issued, entitled *Land and Labor in the United States*.* The principal remedy for our ills, according to Mr. Moody, is the restoration of the lands to the people and their *bona fide* occupancy by the people under the provisions of the homestead law; the breaking up and wiping out of every vestige of all systems of tenant-farming; the at least double taxation of all unimproved lands rated at the real market value, and a law compelling the equal division of estates among all natural heirs. Strikes, trade unions that limit the number of apprentices, prescribe the number of boys to be employed in shops and factories, and proscribe employers who attempt to teach a greater number, Mr. Moody considers suicidal on the part of workmen, and simply defeating the object they wish to attain. With Mr. Moody's views as to strikes and trade unions every clear-headed man will agree. The silly workmen who engage in these strikes inflict blows upon no one but themselves and their families. The sufferers by these strikes are their wives, their children and their nearest friends. In regard to the remedies he proposes for the ills of the time, Mr. Moody is in opposition to many political economists, whose sagacity is not to be despised. But he states his views in a clear, forcible and temperate way. He marshals a large number of significant facts in a very striking fashion, and his volume deserves no little respect and consideration.

* *Land and Labor in the United States*. By William Goodwin Moody. 12mo., pp. 360. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

It may fairly be presumed that Mr. Henry James—who, by the recent death of his father, has ceased to be "Jr."—knows that a comedy is a species of drama, and that a drama requires more or less action. But one would hardly suppose Mr. James to be aware of this fact on reading his dramatization of his story, *Daisy Miller*,* just issued in a form which, for substantial worth and quiet elegance, is a model. For the comedy, as he terms it, has certainly a minimum of action. But in the book one can forgive that defect on account of the briskness and brightness of the dialogue. There is a courier, *Eugenio*, who says very impudent things in a cool way, which is amusing, and some of the other characters bandy words at times in a fashion which keeps up a lively interest in the reader. One wonders, however, where Mr. James supposes that he found the model for his *Daisy Miller*. Her innocence and purity are of course attractive. But it is not possible for a young girl to show such disregard of what other people say of her, or to be so blind to the necessity of changing her ways to meet the notions of the country in which she sojourns, without a lack of intelligence. Now, *Daisy* is a very bright creature, who can take a hint as readily as most young girls of intelligence, and who in an encounter of wits holds her own very well. Nevertheless, Mr. James's comedy is an entertaining performance, and the reader will smile at the doings of these "Americans," even though he have serious doubt as to the truth of their presentation.

Mr. Henry Irving is at present a man who interests the Americans. His singular success upon the English stage—a success which has many sides to it, and which carries with it an unusual social backing—is one of the salient facts of our time. In England he stands for the fine art of the stage, for its dignity, worth and potency. After marking out for himself an almost phenomenal career, he is about to visit the United States, and possibly to establish his British popularity here. What Mr. Irving has to say about acting, therefore, possesses a peculiar importance for us. He has, unfortunately, little to say in the pamphlet called *Talma on the Actor's Art*.† Yet in a large measure he lets Talma speak for him—a very safe thing for

him to do. Talma's essay on the art of acting has long been esteemed and admired in France. We do not believe that it has been translated until now. Some time ago Mr. Irving had it translated for a London magazine called the *Theatre*, which is run by Mr. Irving and certain English dramatic critics. Mr. Irving, with his proverbial tact, keeps a magazine as a refuge for these entertaining writers. It is not likely that anything yet printed in the *Theatre* has more substantial worth than Talma's essay, and Mr. Irving showed his tact in having it translated and discussed. It is quite easy to understand why Mr. Irving permits himself to speak, as it were, through Talma.

Talma was, undoubtedly, the greatest tragic actor of France. None of his successors have approached him in power and influence; none of his predecessors were so perfect as he. The one man who seems to have inspired him was that magnificent plebeian, Le Kain, who was to France in the age of Louis XV. what Garrick was to England in the eighteenth century. Le Kain was a natural actor. He was not, like Baron, the favorite of a sensuous and indolent aristocracy. He was never, indeed, an entirely popular actor. But he was a very great actor; it was he who "dared to utter for the first time on the stage the true accents of nature." He was filled with a strong and profound sensibility, with a burning and communicative energy. The amateurs of the ancient psalmody nicknamed him "the bull." Against this "ancient psalmody"—the phrase is Talma's—Le Kain rebelled almost at the beginning. Years passed, it is true, before he freed himself from the absurd and artificial restraints of French stage tradition. But in the end he proved that pompous declamation or cadenced song was not natural expression. In the matter of costumes, also, and historical treatment of acting, Le Kain was beyond his age. His contemporaries dressed as they spoke—without any sense of nature or truth. Of course, Le Kain could not go very far in his reforms. He was born too early to accomplish all that he was able to accomplish. But, for one of his time, he went far enough. He began the work which others carried to perfection. Among these others, Talma must be ranked foremost. Talma undertook to reform the stage altogether. He rejected what had been accepted for two centuries; he broke with tradition and mediocrity; he strove to place acting among the natural and spontaneous arts, and he applied a new and broad historical treatment

* *Daisy Miller*: a Comedy in Three Acts. By Henry James. James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

† *Talma on the Actor's Art*. With Preface by Henry Irving. New York: Roorbach & Co. 1883.

to the stage. Talma laid stress upon right costume and proper scenery. In pointing out the struggle that La Kain was forced to make against the false taste of the eighteenth century, he writes: "It was to this false taste that we must attribute the little progress which costume had made in the time of Le Kain. There is no doubt that he regarded fidelity in costume as a very important matter. We discover it in the efforts he made to render it less ridiculous than it was at that period. In fact, truth in the dresses, as in the decorations, contributes greatly to the theatrical illusion, and transports the spectator to the age and the country in which the personages represented lived. This fidelity, too, furnishes the actor with the means of giving a peculiar physiognomy to each of his characters. But a reason still more cogent makes me consider as highly culpable the actors who neglect this part of their art. The theatre ought to offer to youth in some measure a course of living history; and does not this negligence give him entirely false notions of the habits and manners of the personages whom the tragedy resuscitates?" This plea for accurate material work upon the stage is precisely in the spirit of Mr. Irving's teaching. Mr. Irving has said just what Talma wrote, again and again, though in different words. Mr. Irving has, indeed, carried the principle expounded here by Talma as far as possible. Those who do not agree with Mr. Irving cannot agree with Talma, nor, indeed, with any of the famous actors who have endeavored to present great plays in proper environment. But the "closet reader" of Shakespeare, who refers everything to the imagination and puts no faith either in decoration or costume, is really to-day a useless and pedantic objector. So long as acting is not destroyed by decoration and costumes, so long as it is helped and illustrated by them, both should be used liberally. To see what others like to imagine is often an immense advantage to the spectator. When Talma was a boy, he pictured Bayard to his fancy in an elegant chamois-colored coat and powdered like a *petit maître* of the eighteenth century. He imagined Caesar in a fine white satin coat, with long flowing locks fastened with rosettes of ribbon. His conception of both the powdered Bayard and the dandy Caesar was learned, of course, from the theatre. Yet, in his youth, there were statues, manuscripts, miniatures, historical documents, and everything needed to direct the actor in the line of truth. But the line of truth was carefully avoided. It was the time of the Bouchers

and the Vanloos, who took pains not to imitate Raphaël and Poussin. When David appeared, however, painters and sculptors, especially the young men, began to make researches. Talma, who was accustomed to meet these men, joined them in their labor and revealed in his acting what they revealed in their painting and sculpture. He had many obstacles and prejudices to overcome, but he overcame them successfully. His example had great influence upon all the theatres of Europe. He says himself: "Le Kain could not have surmounted so many difficulties; the time was not come. Would he have dared to risk naked arms, the antique sandals, hair without powder, long draperies and woolen stuffs? Such a toilet would have been regarded as very offensive, not to say indecent. Le Kain did all that was possible; he advanced the first step, and what he dared to do emboldened us to do still more."

Talma's theory of acting is as different as possible from Diderot's. With Diderot—a very ingenious critic and observer, whose "Paradoxe" has recently been translated and published in England—acting was always a sham thing, and therefore a paradoxical thing. There is no doubt that Diderot was, in the main, right. Acting is, for the most part, a paradox. It is an expression of something which is not necessarily or immediately felt by the person who expresses it. Yet it would not do to carry this assertion too far. There are actors who really put much of their best life and heart into their work. They give voice, that is to say, to their experience. As they have known joy or sorrow, so they express it. It is hard, of course, to draw the line here. But Talma's statements throw light upon the peculiar art of acting. "He," says Talma, "will never rise to excellence as an actor whose soul is not susceptible of the extremes of passion." He then adds: "I scarcely know how to confess that, in my own person, in any circumstances of my life in which I experienced deep sorrow, the passion of the theatre was so strong in me that, although oppressed with real sorrow, and in spite of the tears I shed, I made, in spite of myself, a rapid and fugitive observation on the alteration of my voice, and on a certain spasmodic vibration which is contracted in tears; and, I say it not without some shame, I even thought of making use of it on the stage. And, indeed, this experiment on myself has often been of service to me." Talma's description of the method by which an imperfect actor becomes a perfect actor is very striking and

is worthy of the most serious attention: "In the first place, by repeated exercises, he enters deeply into the emotions, and his speech acquires the accent proper to the situation of the personage he has to represent. This done, he goes to the theatre not only to give theatrical effect to his studies, but also to yield himself to the spontaneous flashes of his sensibility and all the emotions which it involuntarily produces in him. In order that his inspiration may not be lost, his memory, in the silence of repose, recalls the accent of his voice, the expression of his features, his action—in a word, the spontaneous workings of his mind, which he had suffered to have free course. and, in effect, everything which in the moments of his exaltation contributed to the effect he had produced. His intelligence then passes all these means in review, connecting them and fixing them in his memory, to re-employ them at pleasure in succeeding representations. These impressions are often so evanescent that in retiring behind the scenes he must repeat to himself what he had been playing rather than what he had to play. By this kind of labor the intelligence accumulates and preserves all the creations of sensibility. It is by this means that at the end of twenty years (it requires at least this length of time) a person destined to display fine talent may at length present to the public a series of characters acted almost to perfection.

Mr. Irving starts from this definition of the actor's methods, which he accepts frankly. "No one," he declares in his preface, "can read Talma's subtle yet simple description of the qualities and the course of study essential to the actor without a conviction that acting is one of the most fascinating of the arts. To the actor the whole field of human nature is open. Whether in the ideal world of the stage or in the actual world of social intercourse, his mind is constantly accumulating impressions which become a part of his artistic being. This experience is common to the student of other arts; but the actor has this advantage, that all he learns is embodied in his own personality, not translated through some medium, like the painter's canvas or the novelist's page." Acting, then, to follow out this teaching, might be

briefly defined as an intelligent accumulation and artistic presentment of real impressions. Mr. Irving has written another preface for the English edition of Diderot's "Paradoxe." In that preface he attacks Diderot's theory that the actor should not feel. Yet there is some doubt whether the presentment of accumulated impressions stands for feeling; it stands rather for what has been felt. But, after all, acting may be submitted to one sure test—it should arouse feeling. The results are of more consequence than the theories.

The rare merits of the Swedish author, Z. Topelius, Professor of History in the University of Finland, have been called attention to heretofore in his "Surgeon's Stories," of which the second volume has just appeared. This latter, entitled *Times of Battle and Rest*,* is, like its predecessor, full of valuable historical knowledge, imparted in a fascinating fashion. The volume has to do with the reigns of Charles X. and XI., in the seventeenth century, the former reign the time of battle, the latter the time of rest. Charles X. it was that made for Sweden conquests in Poland, Lithuania and Denmark. Under Charles XI., though war was lacking, occurred a great social revolution, an ordinance, known as the "Reduction," having overthrown the power of the nobility and diverted a great portion of its landed property to the crown. These events are told by Professor Topelius with great literary skill. He is a born story-teller. And by putting his stories in the mouth of the old surgeon he gives them a homely touch, which adds much to their interest. The witchcraft madness of New England was shared by Sweden, and there is a powerful picture of the trial and persecution of Black Jane, an accused witch. These historical romances are some of the best literary work of our time, and the excellent translation of the volume before us leaves nothing to be desired by the English reader. Four more volumes will complete the series.

* *The Surgeon's Stories. Times of Battle and of Rest.* By Z. Topelius. Translated from the original Swedish. 12mo., pp. 393. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1883.



Town Talk.

The peace which has reigned in the world all summer has been broken by the prospect of a war between France and China. But the scene of the conflict will be a long distance off, and it will be hard for us on this side of the globe to take much interest in a fight so far away. New Yorkers especially will not be able to waste much sympathy on the combatants in Tonquin, for there will be much nearer home this fall a war of formidable proportions. For this contest preparations have been making all summer long. The armies which are to contend have been selected with the greatest care, and will shortly be encamped on Manhattan Island. Already notes of defiance have been exchanged, and in October the battle will begin. The war to which reference has been made, and which, in the opinion of the commanding officers at least, will excite the attention of "all the world and the rest of mankind," it is hardly necessary to say, is the war of the operas. Two managers, both men of renown, are about to stake in the contest, if not their lives and sacred honor, at least their fortunes. Each claims to have the best company "on the planet," and they are ready to hurl at each other quavers and semi-quavers without end. Madame Nilsson will do her best to outsing Madame Patti, and the opposing tenors and baritones will strain their throats in rivalry. Manager Abbey will have in his house the allurements of novelty; and Manager Mapleson will have to contrive something to balance that advantage of his opponent. Between the two, opera lovers are sure to get abundant enjoyment.

There are a few octogenarian Knickerbockers, however, whom the climate of New York, friendly to long life, has well preserved, who do not hesitate to express a well-bred contempt for the noise which is made about the preparations for the operas. "What is the glory of an opera?" ask these veterans. "Is it not the *prima donna*? At least these rival managers seem to think so, for they have bid against each other for the services of one woman until she is to get for two hours' singing an enormous sum. But she cannot be compared with the first *prima donna* New York ever had, the peerless Garcia, afterward better known as Malibran. The old Park Theatre, in which she sang, was a poor place, it is true, compared with the costly building which has recently been

erected as a home for opera. The benches had no backs. It was before the days of gas and lime lights. The scenery was paltry and the orchestra would now be considered insignificant. But the *prima donna* had one of the finest voices ever heard, and it had been brought to almost absolute perfection by the severe training of her father. Besides, she was an actress of the first rate, equally good in tragic or comic parts, and evoked tears or smiles at pleasure. By the charm of her manner she won all hearts. She added to these rare qualities youth, for she was but eighteen when first she sang here, and she was but twenty-eight when she died."

Thus do these old people sound the praises of the gifted girl who enchanted them so many years ago, and who still lingers in their memory a beautiful vision, associated with their early years, when life with them was in its first freshness and all its trials and disappointments were yet to come. It is natural for them to think that then the sun shone brighter than it has since: that women were handsomer than now, and the world generally in better trim. But, after making all due allowance for the golden halo which time throws around everything, there remains room for doubt whether in the matter of *prima donnas*, at least, the New York of 1833 will be quite as well off as the New York of 1825.

Fortunate are they who are acquainted with Miss Francesca Alexander's "Story of Ida," one of the sweetest and most pathetic little pieces ever written. It can be read through in an hour, but could must be the reader whose tears do not moisten its pages, or in whose memory it does not long abide. The lovely Italian girl, whom it commemorates, who won all hearts by the beauty of her person, and the still greater beauty of her character, is one of those angelic beings that poet and painter in moments of inspiration strive, but in vain, to depict. Her death by consumption at the age of nineteen was probably due mainly to a delicate constitution, yet was partly owing to having lavished her affection on a worthless man. But the bravery with which she bore her inward wound, the way in which to the last she thought of ministering to the pleasure and comfort of those about her, and the unflinching cheerfulness and

serenity of her closing days are told with an exquisite simplicity beyond all praise. The publication of the "Story" was due to the request of Mr. John Ruskin, who, in a preface, confesses to "a certain feeling of desecrating its humility of affection" in asking leave of the author to give it to the world. And Mr. Ruskin notes that while it is a story of a Catholic girl written by a Protestant one, the two, in their affection for each other, "are absolutely unconscious of any difference in the forms or letter of their religion." This feature of the narrative seems specially to have struck Mr. Whittier, who, in the noble sonnet printed elsewhere, out of a heart which will never grow old, has put upon "the sweet story of the Florentine," a stamp which will give it long life with all who speak the English tongue. Few, indeed, are the authors who can secure for their works the unbought praise of such advocates as Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Whittier. But the author of "The Story of Ida," in writing the biography of her Italian friend, wrote not for the world's eye. She "did good by stealth," and doubtless blushes "to find it fame."

Great Britain, and Europe in general, have for a long time past freely acknowledged that they are indebted for no small number of good things to the United States. It is our cotton which gives employment to hundreds of thousands; it is our grain and beef which feed millions on the other side of the Atlantic, where even those who do not love our republican institutions admit that we are a useful people and handy to have in the world. Various, indeed, are the products of our soil and our ingenuity which are transported across the ocean. In Great Britain, especially, abound the inventions which are there styled without exception "Yankee," much to the disgust of the inventor if he is a Knickerbocker, a Virginian, or, above all, a South Carolinian. But our transatlantic brethren are welcome to all they receive from this side of the water. We are well requited, for we get in return not only a good deal of gold, but something far better, an army every year of sturdy men and women, with plenty of bone and muscle, who, beginning by being hewers of wood and drawers of water, become, for the major part, in time, worthy citizens, peopling our waste places and making the desert blossom as the rose. Our European friends are to be pitied, however, in that it is impossible to export one of the best things we have, and that is the American October.

What that month is in Great Britain, even those who have never been there, can easily judge from English literature. English poets, especially, know October only as part of the autumn, which, in their verse, has not a very good character. Shakespeare can find nothing better to say of autumn than that it is "chilling," while Collins calls it "sallow." "Autumn, melancholy wight," exclaims Wordsworth. And the whole race of verse-makers seems to have felt a November chill at their finger's ends when alluding to the subject. Of late years, it is true, English poets have borrowed from us a phrase to express the charm of their few beautiful autumnal days, and talk of "Indian summer" in October, while allusions to "autumnal tints" have become the fashion in English books of all sorts. If they have not been able to import an October atmosphere, they have imported some of the glowing images depicting October to be found in American poets. But the recent use of these images proves incontestably their foreign origin. We may be sure that if the soft air of the Indian summer had warmed the woods of Windsor when Geoffrey Chaucer roamed among their glades, the English, in order to find a name to describe it, would not have gone to another continent. If the maples and oaks and ashes on the banks of the Avon had colored the waters of that stream year after year with their own scarlet, and crimson and purple, many a rich figure connected with the season would have been put in the mouths of Lear and Hamlet, Miranda and Imogen and Rosalind. Had the forests of England been as magnificent as our own, their hues would have tinged the masques of Ben Jonson and Milton, and found a place in more than one of Spenser's beautiful pictures.

But the fame of this royal month of ours has spread across the seas and Englishmen now come every year in battalions to enjoy it. The number of "Britishers" one sees in the streets of New York about this time of year is surprising. One would think that all the loungers of Pall Mall and St. James Street had deserted London. Let us hope that they find themselves amply repaid. They must indeed go away from the city to see the green woods one mass of rich and varied coloring, a brilliant pageant, well worth crossing the ocean to see. October, they discover, borrowing the gay colors that have been lying during the summer months among the flowers, in the fruits, upon the plumage of the bird, on the wings of the butterfly,

and working them together in broad and glowing masses, throws them over the forest to grace her triumph. Yet even in the populous city can be felt the gracious influence of the glorious month. Then come clearer skies and more cheerful breezes than in any other month even in our sunny land. There is an electric and

animating touch in the air, which gives a keener zest to life, makes the step more elastic, and causes a healthy man to carry more easily his burden of daily work, and to get more vivid enjoyment from his hours of leisure. And thus both in town and country the benign power of the time is felt and makes glad the heart of all.

Salmagundi.

EXULTATION.

"And as soon as he had set his feet upon the carpet, lying before the royal couch, lo, all the assembly called out together, 'May God preserve his Majesty and give him a good day!'"—*The Arabian Nights' Entertainments.*

In golden days, whereof men tell,
One land so wished its ruler well
That when the Caliph Haroun rose
Each morning from his calm repose,
Throughout his chamber rang the cry
Of prince and eunuch standing by,
"May God preserve his Majesty,
And give him a good day!"

So I—by this new day's fair birth
Walked to my realm—usurped—the earth;
Royal—in health, in hope, in youth—
Ho! Am not I a king in sooth?
Friend cynic, I could not be blamed
Though on the housetop I proclaimed,
"May God preserve my Majesty,
And give me a good day!"

EDWARD IRENEUS STEVENSON.

During the past summer there has been in the newspapers the usual supply of wonderful fish-stories, customary at the season when there is a dearth of news. Many of these stories are old friends, which appear year after year, told every time by a different person, though each relator in turn vouches for the tale as a matter of his personal experience. None of these voracious chroniclers seem to have fallen in with a shark story told by Monk Lewis, the poet, who declares that he witnessed what he narrates. While lying in Black River Harbor, Jamaica, the two sharks were frequently seen playing about the ship. At length the female died, and the desolation of the male was indescribable. What he did without her remains a secret, but what he did with her was clear enough, for scarce was the breath out of his Eurydice's body than he stuck his teeth in

her, and began to eat her up with all possible expedition. Even the sailors felt their sensibilities touched, and to enable him to perform this melancholy duty more easily they offered to be his carvers, lowered their boat and proceeded to chop his better half to pieces with their hatchets, while the widower gulped down pounds upon pounds of the dear departed as fast as they were thrown to him, with the greatest delight. No doubt all the time he was eating he was thoroughly persuaded that every morsel that went to his stomach went to his heart. "She was thoroughly consistent" was evidently his reflection. "She was good while she lived and she's good now she's dead."

"Unable to conceal his pain,
He sighed and swallowed, and sighed and swallowed,
And sighed and swallowed again."

ROXBURY, N. Y., August 10, 1883.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 2d has but just reached me. The bluebird often builds in the cavity of an old woodpecker's nest, so does the chickadee, so does the nuthatch. The house-wren will sometimes fit up an old oriole's nest. The English sparrow will appropriate an old swallow's nest. I can think of no others just now. Truly yours,
JOHN BURROUGHS.

Mr. R. K. Munkittrick.

TO MIGUEL DE CERVANTES-SAAVEDRA.

A bluebird lives in yonder tree,
And likewise does a chickadee,
In two woodpecker nests—rent free!
There, where the weeping-willow weeps,
A dainty house-wren sweetly cheeps—
From an old oriole's nest he peeps.

I see the English sparrow tilt
Upon the limb with sun begilt—
His nest an olden swallow built.

So it was one of your old jests,
Eh, Mig. Cervantes, that attests,
'There are no birds in last year's nests?'

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AD CHLOEN, ETAT. XLV.

Chloë, Time's breath is harsh and rough,
And you are surely old enough
 To be my mother.
That wrinkle certainly I see,
Half-hidden 'neath the "*poudre de riz*,"
 Or something other.

You once, perhaps, were true and fair,
As sweet and pure as mountain air
 That breathes of heaven;
But now you're growing stout and gray;
And what is worse, I heard you say,
 "I'm twenty-seven."

Perhaps on some one's arm you strayed,
'Mid quiet paths, ('tis like a maid—
 See lover's annals),
Preferring moonlight to the hop;
But now the night air makes you stop
 And think of flannels.

Perhaps with slender maiden grace
You led gay Love a pretty race,
 And romped with Cupid.
Perhaps your wit and beauty drew
Full many a swain, before you grew
 Both fat and stupid.

You were a "blue," I have no doubt;
Read Greek, perhaps could tell about
 The swan and Leda;
But now you never read at all,
Except the "*Robes et Modes Journal*;"
 Or "Moths," by Ouida.

Ah, madam, with your purchased wiles,
Your painted blush, your penciled smiles
 And vulgar jewels;
Your time is usually spent
In gossip of unkind intent,
 Or working crewels.

With simple faith fast girt about
You were as trusting, as devout
 As any Quaker;
But now the god you most revere
And worship, supplicate and fear,
 Is your dressmaker.

Chloë, have not the vanished years
That mock you through a mist of tears
 Left some sad traces?
Or is your heart a patent thing
Adjusted by a hidden spring
 And bought at "Macy's?"

H. C. FAULKNER.

UNCLE GABE ON THE OLD AND NEW.

Things is gwine in sich a mighty gallop nowa-
days
Dat 'tis hard to keep de step wid all de hifalutin ways.
Why, de wul is gwine too rapid, an' ef people
don't hold back,
Dar's gwine to be some bustin' up an' runnin'
orf de track.
As I push along de pabement to de eberlastin'
sho',
De things don't look as lubly as dey use to, long
ago.
You kin notis how de morkin'-bird, dat start out
in de spring,
Don't empty out his music wid de same old
handy swing;
De stars don't blink so pretty an' de sky ain't
quite so blue,
An' it sort o' 'pears de moon itse'f done swunk
a inch or two.
Well, folks was younger in dem days—leas'-
ways 'twas so wid me—
An' dese times jes' ain't a patchin' to de times
dat use to be!
When my strenk begin to fail me an' my step is
getting slow,
I lub to stop an' study 'bout de folks I use to
know;
I kin see 'em right befo' me, in a foggy sort o'
mis'
Dat settles 'cross de cabin fum my pipe o' "nig-
ger twis',"
An' dey's sort o' smilin' at me, as I see 'em
stan'in' 'roun'—
Dem good old friends o' long ago dat's sleepin'
in de groun'.
De old times suit me heap de bes', but, den, I
boun' to say,
Dat dar's heap o' nice contraptions dat dey's
fixin' up to-day;
And lots o' handy doin's what I nebber seed
befo',
Dat would p'intly be surprisin' to de folks I use
to know.
So, 'taint no use o' fixin' plans for turnin' back
de tide,
An' I'll sot myself right on de bank an' watch
an' let her slide.
When de lebbly bus' wide open an' de waters
'gin to po',
Why 'taint no use o' bristlin' up to fight de
overflow!

J. A. MACON.





MISS ELLEN TERRY AND MRS. STIRLING AS "JULIET" AND THE "NURSE" IN
"ROMEO AND JULIET."

From a photograph by Window & Grove, London.